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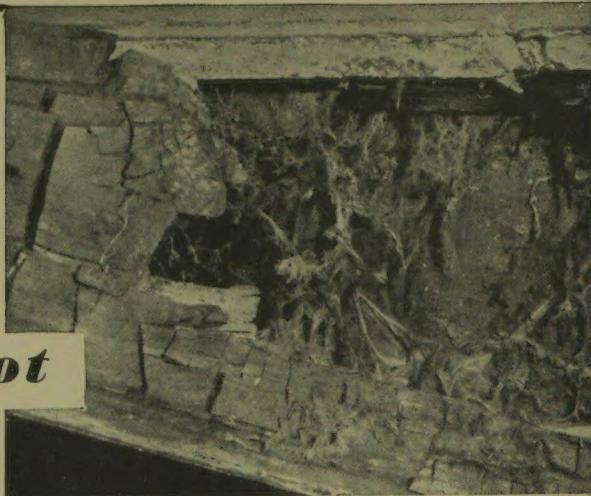
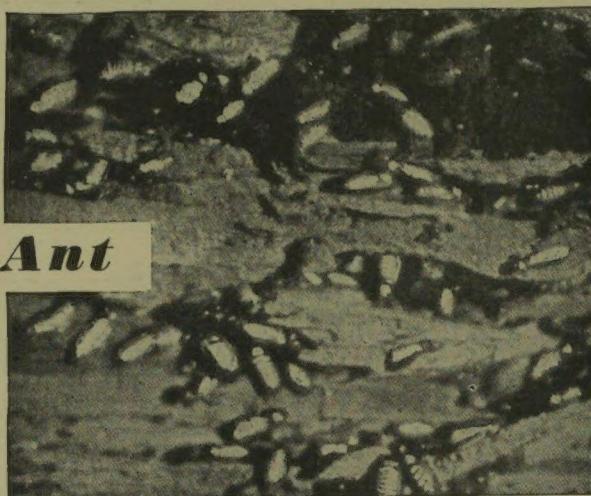
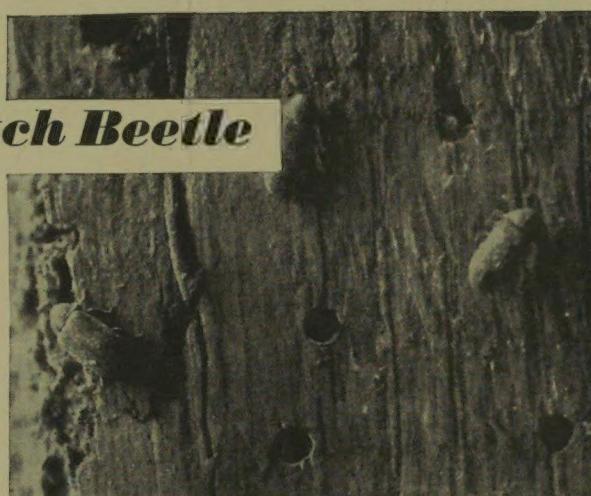
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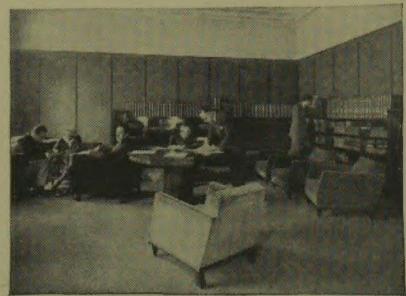
See the "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July 1907

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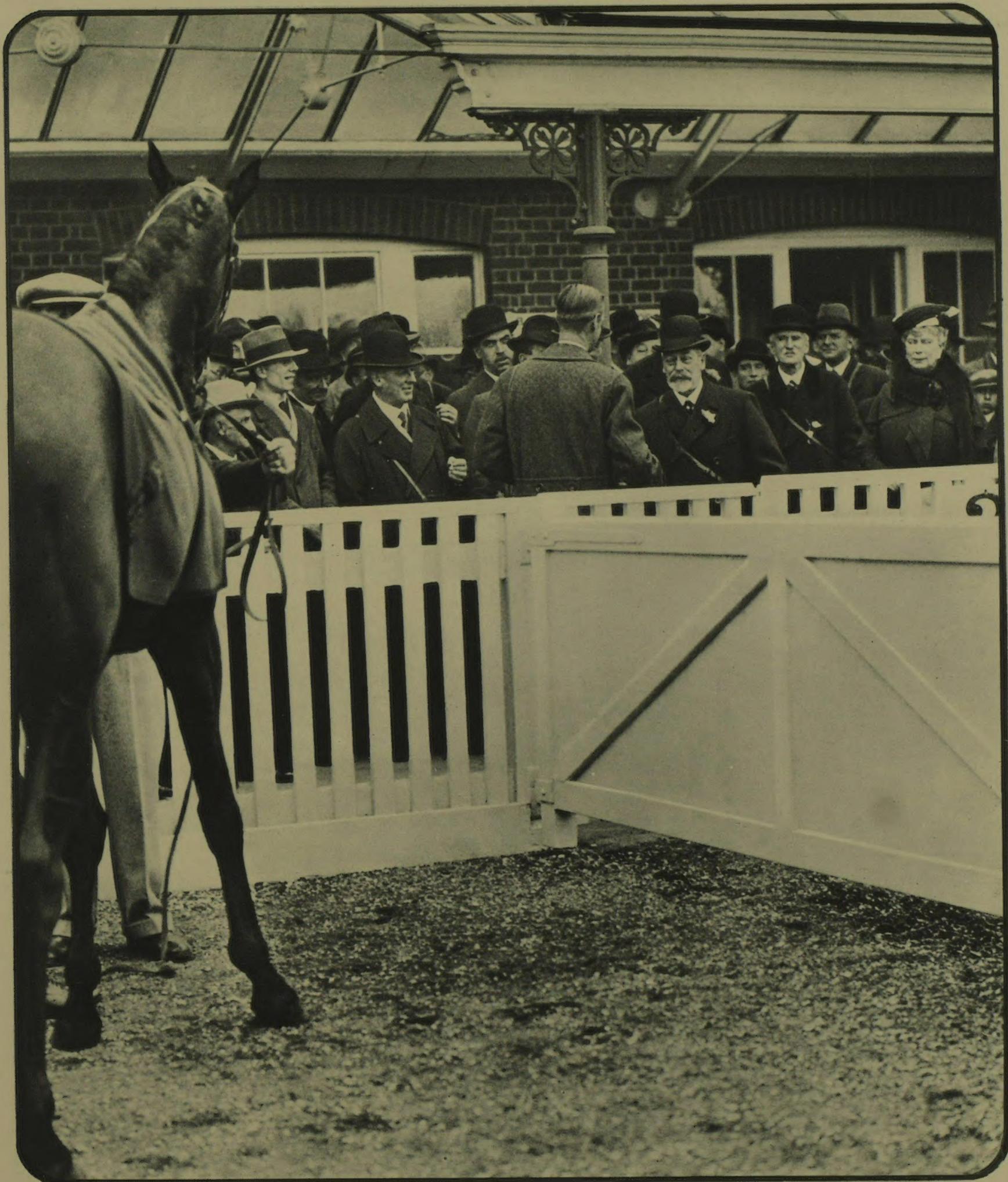
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1933.



"THE KING WINS!" HIS MAJESTY IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE, WITH THE QUEEN, AFTER THE VICTORY OF HIS COLT LIMELIGHT (SEEN ON THE LEFT), WHICH WON THE NEWBURY SPRING CUP, WITH SOLENOID SECOND.

The King and Queen attended Newbury Races on Saturday, April 1, and, to the great pleasure of all present, his Majesty's four-year-old colt Limelight won the Newbury Spring Cup, beating Solenoid, the favourite, by a head; with Fonab third. Limelight, trained by W. Jarvis and brilliantly ridden by J. Childs, carried 9 st. 5 lb.; to Solenoid's 9 st. 7 lb. He is by Pharos—Vervaine.

Immediately after the race, his Majesty, accompanied by Brigadier-General Tomkinson, the manager of his stud and of his horses in training, and by Mr. Baxendale, chairman of the Newbury directors, left the Royal Box and went to the enclosure in front of the weighing room to witness the unsaddling of the winner. Her Majesty the Queen joined him a little later.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME are now suggesting that the Novel is near to its end; and, if so, its end is curiously like its beginning. Perhaps it is too much to say that the first childhood of fiction is now repeating itself in its second childhood. These metaphors from physical nature are among the worst monstrosities of materialism, and they are devouring monsters. There is no animal parallel in such things; and ideas do not grow grey whiskers, or heresies go bald, or truths lose their teeth. But there is a certain analogy, if we remember that it is only an analogy, touching the return of some human impulses to their original home. Much that is called modern, in the most modern fiction, resembles the crude stuff that Defoe first began to dig out of the stiff clay of fact. Few modern novels are so poetical as "Robinson Crusoe"; but many are much more prosaic than "Moll Flanders." The most novel sort of novel is that of which we are doubtful whether it is a novel at all. And in that it really has a rough resemblance to the first rough experiment, before it was a novel at all. In theory, at least, there is nothing to prevent a modern story from wandering like "Gil Blas" or sprawling like "Tristram Shandy"; and other causes must be blamed if it does not walk or wander so elegantly as the one or sprawl so exuberantly as the other.

But there is one particular point in which I think the novel, if it does not grow merely formless, may well return to its ancient form. Novels like those of Richardson are often hastily regarded as formless, mostly because the modern reader is often overcome by an impression that they are endless. Yet I doubt if they are really longer than the "Clissold" of Mr. Wells or the tremendous trilogies of Mr. Walpole. Anyhow, the Victorians left a tradition that the early Georgian volumes were very voluminous. That is perhaps because the Victorians were working up to the brief but brilliant period when stories were supposed to be brief and brilliant; as in the sharp, stylistic tales of Stevenson, or the expanded epigrams of Kipling. However that may be, romance, as Richardson began it, had the name of being at best a leisurely and at worst a laborious study. Even Macaulay, who admired or even adored "Clarissa," advised his friends to throw themselves into it by beginning at the third volume, and skipping all the letters to Italians from Italians or about Italians. I am sure there are many bold and Bolshevik novels now which would be most enjoyable if we began with the last chapter, and skipped all remarks made by Russians to Russians or about Russians. At the end as at the beginning, therefore at both extremes, there is a certain indefinable element that seems vast and dim and dizzy; something that Stevenson would have called being out of focus; or not being sufficiently sharp and short. But it is not this point, but a more

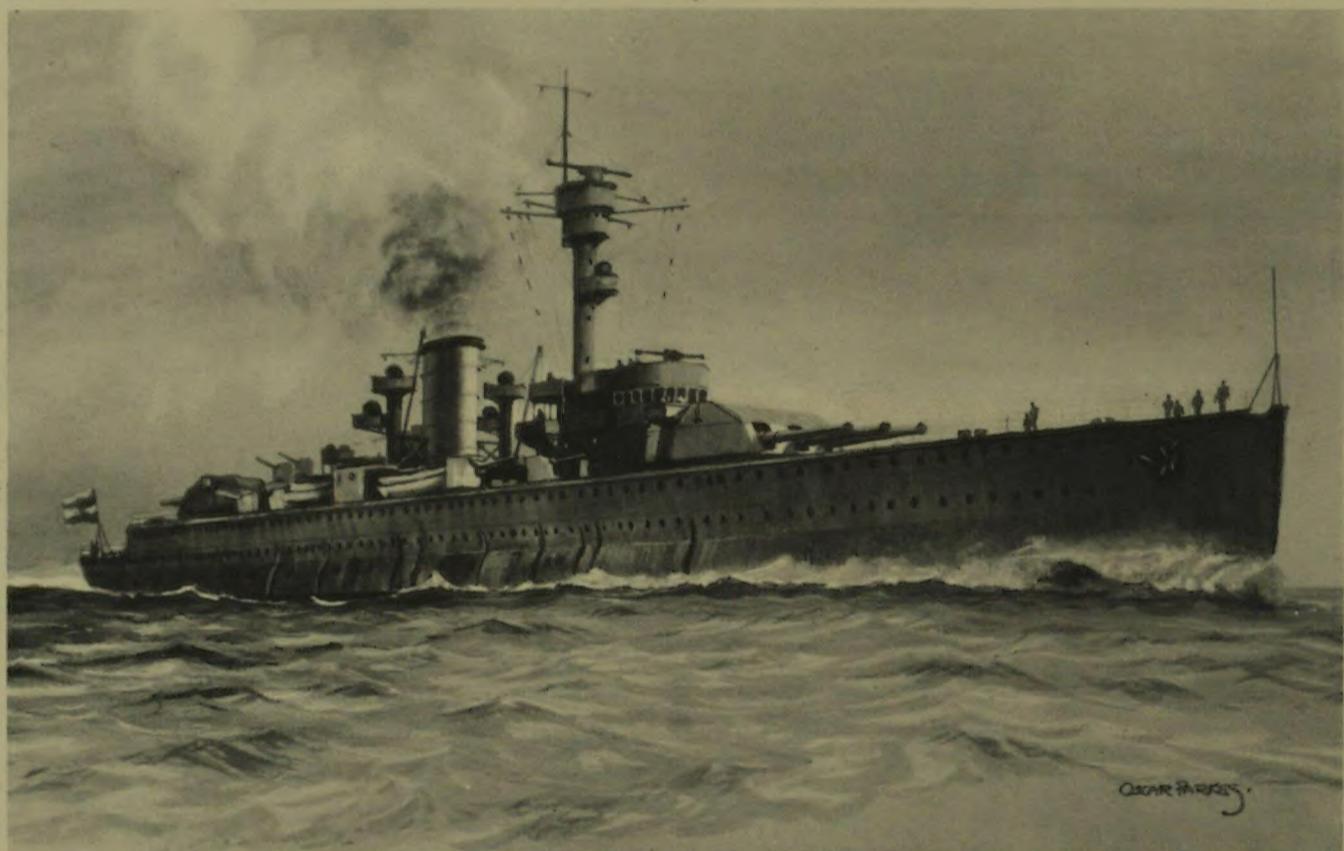
particular point, that I would note touching the Richardsonian roots or origins of romance.

Everyone knows that a tale like "Clarissa" was told almost entirely in the form of letters. It was this that made many of the intermediate intellectual school, of direct and dramatic action, feel that this form of fiction was so very formal. It was felt to be not only stilted, but slow and sleepy; largely because the human race (in its present or recent progressive stage) was progressively forgetting how to write any letters, let alone such long letters. The boy who liked something very rapid and rattling, like Kipling or O. Henry, was also the boy who felt it an agonising bore to write to his grandmother at Christmas. So he recoiled with horror from the huge eighteenth-century romances, regarding them as so many stacks

or aspect; and other letters will criticise the characters from other angles or aspects. It is really remarkable how rapidly a character can thus be not only sketched but sculptured; that is, presented in the round like a real object. Whereas mere conversation in a story is rather too like conversation of the stage: there is something stony and stiff about it, because the types are fixed in the one attitude in which the author wants to present them or they want to present themselves.

In the witty, conversational novel they are all dressed up for the footlights; in the more casual correspondence novel we get many more glimpses of them in undress, in dressing-gowns or shirt-sleeves, as seen by all sorts of accidental people at all sorts of accidental times. Therefore the old-fashioned,

apparently lumbering device of the big letter-bag, with which Richardson in "Clarissa" created the Novel, and Scott in "Redgauntlet" renewed the Waverley Novels, has in fact been adopted by many fine writers of quite recent times. Mr. Maurice Baring has often used it, as a way of opening many windows upon his subject and filling the story with that white and almost colourless daylight that lies over so many of his scenes. Mr. E. V. Lucas has employed it in a lighter but equally luminous manner, in those felicitous and unclassifiable books which are a sort of happy hybrid between the essay and the novel. And it looks as if this old method of recording life by letters is likely



GERMANY'S SECOND POCKET BATTLE-SHIP, THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER," SISTER-SHIP OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND," LAUNCHED AT WILHELMSHAVEN ON APRIL 1: A DRAWING BY OSCAR PARKES OF THE SHIP AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED. The second battle-ship permitted to Germany by Treaty was laid down at Wilhelmshaven on June 25, 1931, and was launched on April 1. She is equipped with six 11-inch and eight 5.9-inch guns. As sister-ship of the "Deutschland," she displaces 10,000 tons, with 56,800 h.p., and a speed exceeding twenty-six knots. She was named the "Admiral Scheer" in commemoration of the German leader at the Battle of Jutland, which is claimed by Germany as a victory. The "Deutschland" was put into commission at the same time. The launch is illustrated on another page.

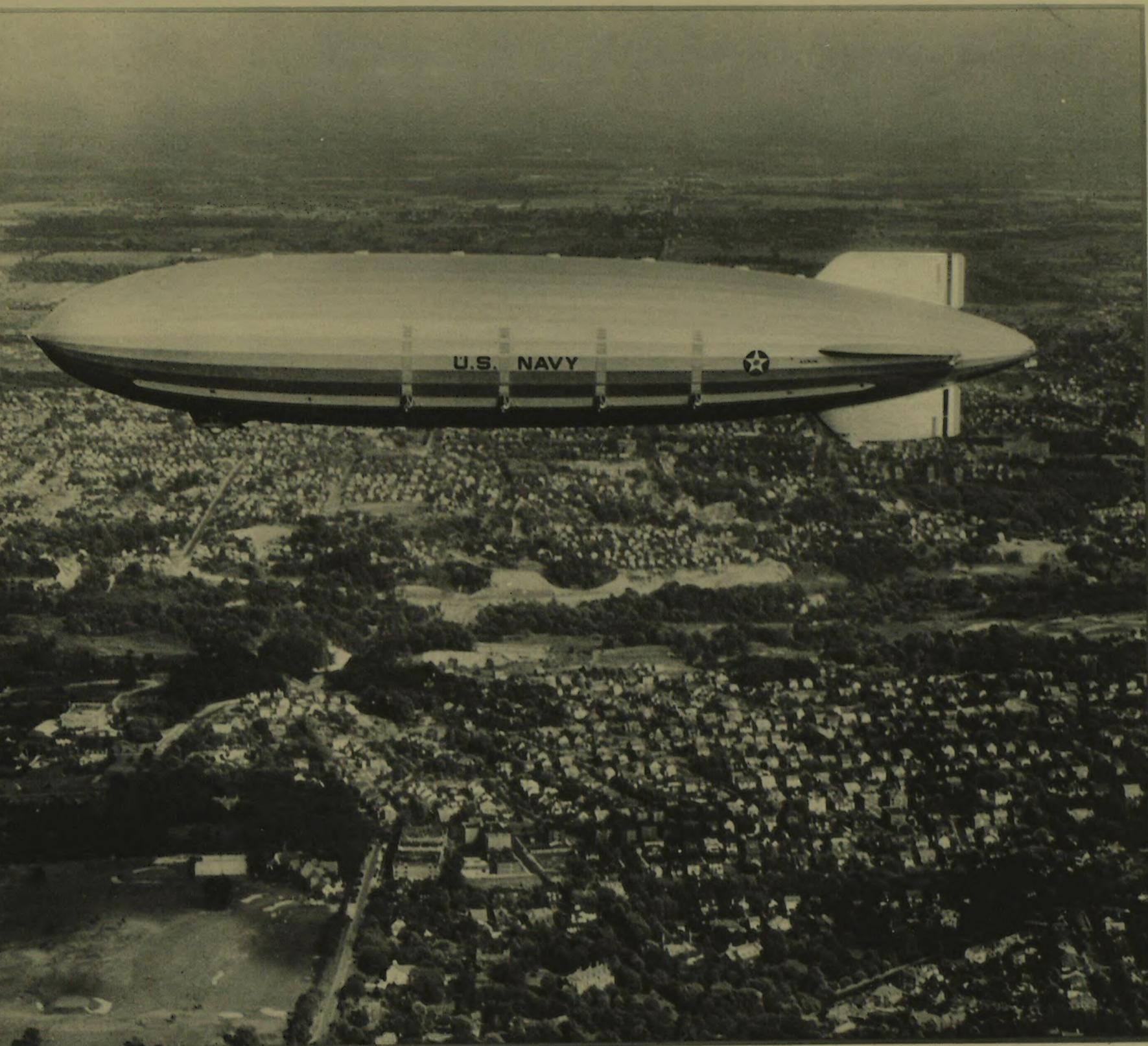
of letters to and from other people's grandmothers. But, in fact, the boy was wrong; as he sometimes is, despite the current creed, when he assumes that he can teach his grandmother. The ancient novelists of the polite epoch were right; and some of the modern novelists, even of this very impolite epoch, have already begun to find it out.

The fact is that the old form of a series of letters is really an extremely good way to tell a story. It is not more conventional and constrained; it is in many ways much more unconventional and unconstrained. For the novel must either be a novel of correspondence or else a novel of conversation. And this sort of writing is really much freer than most forms of talking. It is freer for two reasons: first, that a man can talk all the time without being a boor or a bore; and, second, that a man will confess in correspondence with one person what he would not confess in conversation with four or five persons. Also, while he is talking to them, he will not talk about them. But when he is writing a love-letter, and telling his fiancée about them, he will tell her all about them. It does not follow, however, that the lady will agree with him about them. So she will write another long letter, throwing on each person a new light from another angle

to be applied in other departments. The detective story is supposed to demand, more than other stories, a direct attack and a dash *in medias res*: that is, the dagger sticking in the very middle of the millionaire. But I recently read an extremely good detective story, told in what would be called the slower method of correspondence; and it was not slower, but much more swift.

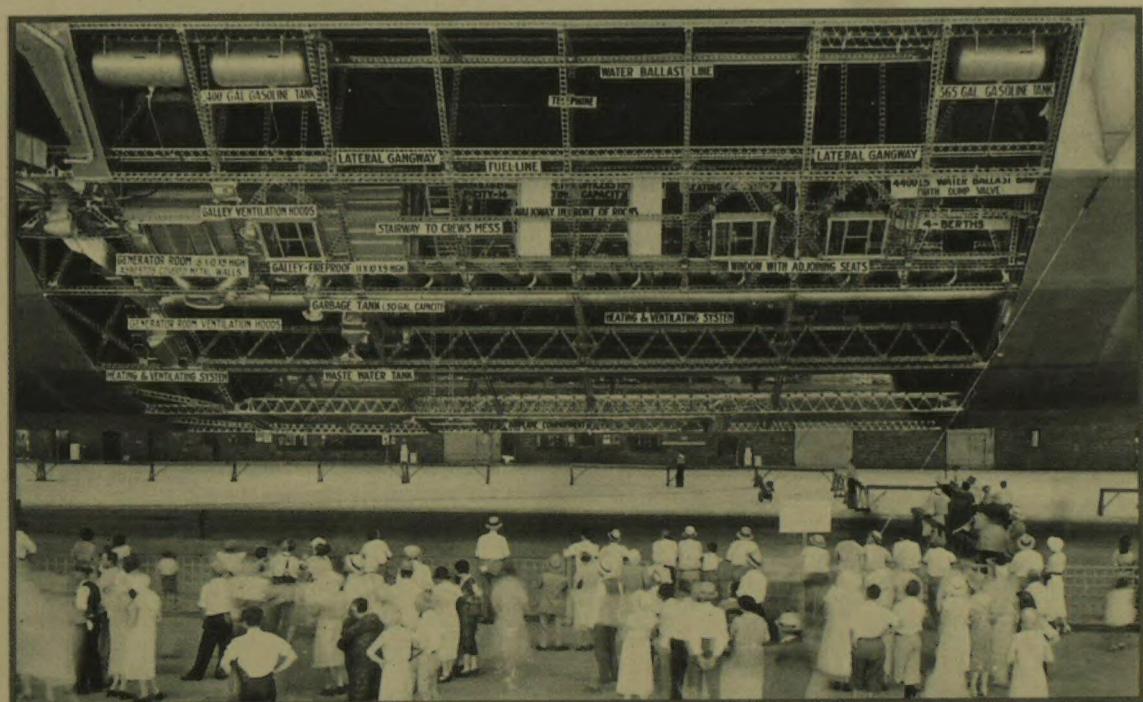
I noted recently that modern drama, coldly contemptuous of melodrama, had solemnly banished the old fiction of the Soliloquy or the Aside; and then, equally solemnly, brought them back again, pretending they are a new futuristic technique for permitting people's subconsciousness to talk out loud without being heard. But the old expedient of the literary letter-bag achieves this object without either sort of oddity: without the awkward swagger of the Victorian villain, confiding to the gallery or hissing loud secrets behind his hand; and also without the much sillier swagger of the mere modernistic crank who thinks anything stark and Slavonic so long as it is incredible and crude. A man really does soliloquise in a long letter; and, since it is addressed to one person, it is really a long aside. Both in the case of the novel and of the drama, the moral is that things often renew their life by going back to their infancy.

## THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AIRSHIP FALLS INTO THE SEA: THE U.S.N. "AKRON."



THE ILL-FATED "AKRON": THE GREAT DIRIGIBLE WHICH CRASHED AT NIGHT, DURING A THUNDERSTORM, WHILE ON A FLIGHT FROM NEW JERSEY TO NEW ENGLAND.

THE United States Navy Airship "Akron"—the biggest airship in the world—met disaster on April 4. She left Lakehurst, New Jersey, on a training cruise to New England. In her were her regular crew of 19 officers and 57 men, and four distinguished passengers, including Admiral W. A. Moffett, who was U.S.A. delegate to the London Naval Conference. At 11.30 o'clock on the night of April 3 (4.30 a.m. London time) she reported "All's well" by wireless. A thunderstorm then interfered with communication. Soon after 1.30 on the morning of April 4 came the report that the "Akron" was down in the sea off the Barnegat Lighthouse, off the coast of New Jersey. The German tanker "Phœbus" sent the first news, and afterwards wirelessed: "'Akron' crashed twenty miles east of Barnegat. Searching for survivors. Lieut.-Commander Wiley and three men aboard suffering from abrasions and immersion"; and: "As the 'Phœbus' approached the scene of the 'Akron' crash, I found mattresses and wreckage floating in the water. After picking up four men, I saw other men sink before my men could reach them." By this time, the magnitude of the disaster was obvious; and it was further announced that the "Akron" crashed at 12.30 a.m. in the course of a widespread thunderstorm. The ill-fated aircraft, which we have illustrated from time to time, was named at Akron, Ohio, by Mrs. Hoover on August 8, 1931; and she made her maiden flight on the following September 23. She was 785 feet from stem to stern—that is, she was only nine feet longer than the "Graf Zeppelin"—but she had a capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet of non-inflammable, non-explosive gas, helium, approaching twice the capacity of the "Graf Zeppelin." Her diameter was 133 feet. She had a lift of 91 tons. Eight 560-h.p. engines propelled her.



A SECTION OF THE "AKRON"—SHOWING PART OF THE FABRIC REMOVED TO REVEAL THE INTERIOR.

## THE AIR CONQUEST OF EVEREST: THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF BRITISH AVIATION ABOVE THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK.



ONE OF THE TWO MACHINES FLOWN OVER THE SUMMIT OF MT. EVEREST: THE HOUSTON-WESTLAND BIPLANE (WITH BRISTOL PEGASUS S.III ENGINE) IN THE AIR DURING A PREVIOUS FLIGHT.



MR. S. R. BONNETT, OBSERVER IN THE WESTLAND-WALLACE MACHINE, WHO HAD A MISHAP WITH HIS OXYGEN PIPE.

TRIUMPHANT success was achieved by the Houston Everest Expedition on April 3, when its two machines—the Houston-Westland and the Westland-Wallace biplanes (each fitted with a Bristol Pegasus S.III, high-altitude supercharged radial engine) were both flown over the peak of Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The Houston-Westland was flown by Lord Clydesdale, with Lieut-Colonel L. V. S. Blacker as his observer, and the Westland-Wallace by Flight-Lieut D. F. McIntyre, whose observer was Mr. S. R. Bonnett, aerial photographer of the Gaumont-British Film Corporation. The flight from the base at Purnea and back occupied exactly three hours. In his official report Lord Clydesdale says: "Both aeroplanes flew over the summit of Everest at 10,500 ft., clearing it by 100 ft. . . . Fifteen minutes were spent flying in the neighbourhood of the summit, and on account of the smooth flying conditions the taking of close-range photographs was rendered possible. . . . The great Himalaya range . . . provided a magnificent spectacle." One mishap was a breakage in Mr. Bonnett's oxygen pipe (caused, he thought later, by his treading on it) while over the mountain-top, and unnoticed till he became faint and felt violent pains in the stomach. When he eventually saw the fracture, he tied a handkerchief round it and was able to continue taking photographs. Except for this incident, and for one of Flight-Lieut. McIntyre's hands being blistered by a glove heating, the crews suffered no discomfort. Colonel Blacker mentions that his oxygen mask became "a solid mass of ice."



N.B.—The Photographs taken by the Houston Everest Expedition will be Published in "The Illustrated London News."

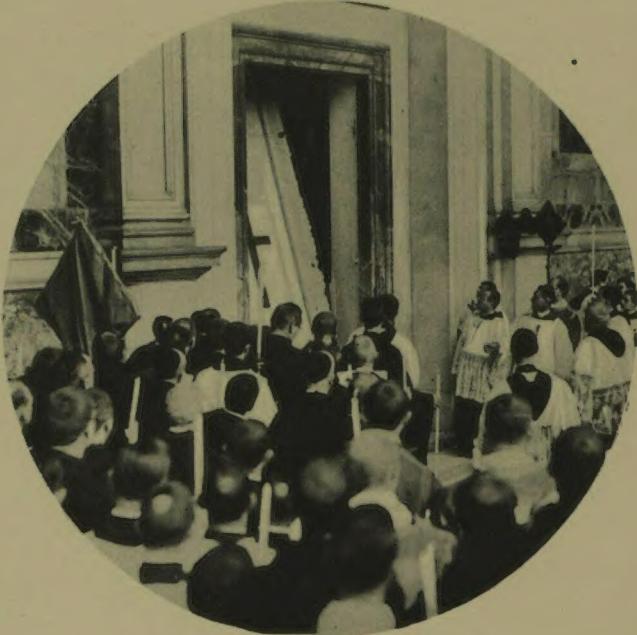
SINGALELA RANGE (85 MILES AWAY)—SHOWING EVEREST BEHIND AND JUST TO THE LEFT OF THE APPARENTLY HIGHEST PEAK—MAKALU.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE OPENING OF THE HOLY DOOR AT ST. PETER'S: THE POPE ASSISTING AT THE ELABORATE CEREMONY, IN WHICH HE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR.

Pope Pius XI. opened the Holy Door in St. Peter's on April 1, and thus inaugurated the extraordinary Holy Year which he had ordained in commemoration of the nineteenth centenary of the Crucifixion of Our Lord. Similar ceremonies were performed simultaneously in St. John Lateran,

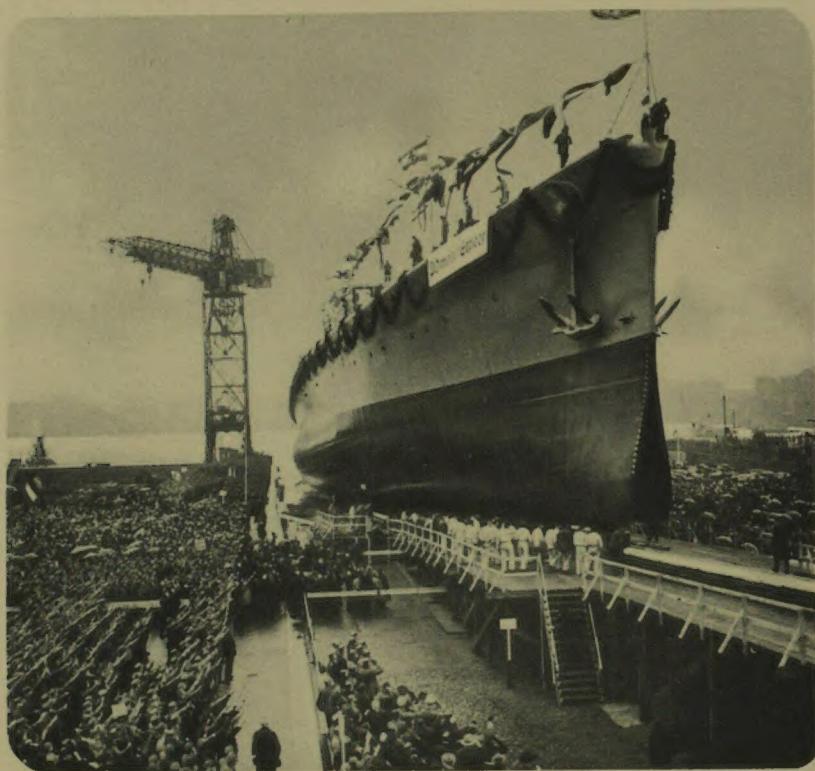


THE INAUGURATION OF THE HOLY YEAR AT ROME: THE HOLY DOOR AT ST. PAUL'S BEING LOWERED BY ROPES, BEFORE A CARDINAL LEGATE.



THE OPENING OF THE HOLY DOOR AT ST. PETER'S: THE POPE KNEELING IN PRAYER ON THE THRESHOLD AFTER HE HAD OPENED IT.

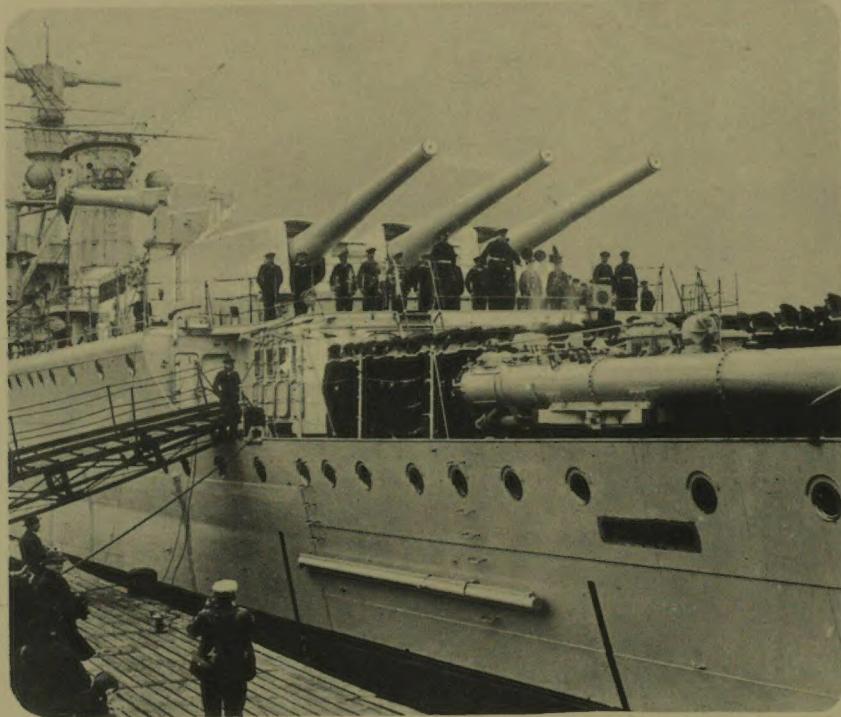
Santa Maria Maggiore, and St. Paul's, outside the walls, by Cardinal legates. Shortly after eleven o'clock, the Papal procession made its entrance into the Portico. The Pope advanced to the Holy Door, and struck three blows on it; and it was slowly lowered on pulleys and wheeled away.



THE LAUNCH OF GERMANY'S SECOND POCKET BATTLESHIP: THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER" TAKING THE WATER AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

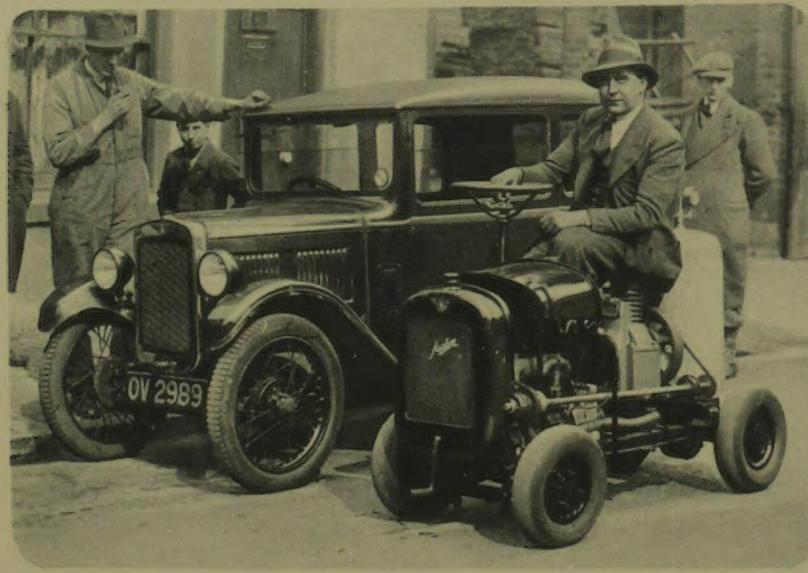
On April 1, Germany's second 10,000-ton "pocket battle-ship" was launched. A guard of honour and groups of the nationalist associations were drawn up to meet General von Blomberg, Minister of Defence, and Admiral Raeder, at Wilhelmshaven. Admiral Raeder, in his speech, said that the spirit of Jutland had become a symbol of the nation's future. It was this spirit, he added, which had

[Continued on right.]



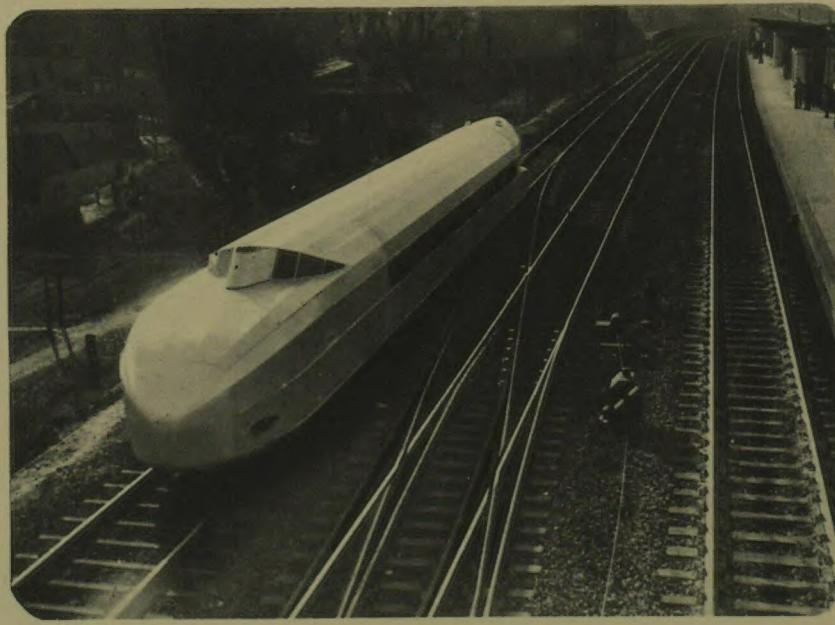
THE COMMISSIONING OF GERMANY'S FIRST POCKET BATTLESHIP: COMMANDER VON FISCHER ADDRESSING THE CREW OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

inspired Admiral Scheer and his crew and enabled them to carry off the laurels of victory from the biggest fleet in the world! The new battle-ship was named after the "Victor of Jutland," Admiral Scheer, by Frau Besser, Admiral Scheer's daughter. A drawing of the "Admiral Scheer," as she will appear when completed, appears on page 480. At the same time, as the "Admiral Scheer" was christened, Germany's other "pocket battle-ship," the "Deutschland," was commissioned.



A "BABY" CAR CONDENSED: THE RECENTLY DESIGNED 7-H.P. AUSTIN SPRAYING TRUCK COMPARED WITH A STANDARD 7-H.P. AUSTIN CAR.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "What is claimed to be the smallest 7-h.p. car in the world had just been constructed by Mr. C. V. Clements, a Birmingham motor engineer. He was instructed to condense a 7-h.p. Austin so that it would pass through a 28-in. gauge—to enable it to be used in indoor spraying. It carries the spraying apparatus on the back, and the operator goes on it from place to place."

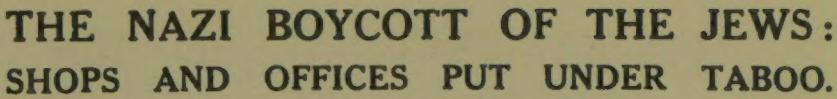


A STRANGE SIGHT ON A SUBURBAN RAILWAY!—THE GERMAN "FLYING SALOON," CAPABLE OF 125 M.P.H. ON RAILS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT BERLIN-SPANDAU STATION.

Some time ago we were able to illustrate the curious German "Flying Saloon" seen here. It was invented by an airship engineer named Kruckenberg, and during tests near Hanover attained the remarkable rail speed of 125 m.p.h. It is 85 ft. long, carries 40 passengers, and was originally driven by a 500-h.p. engine working a four-bladed propeller at the back. According to a correspondent, the flying saloon recently returned from Hanover to Berlin without its propeller.



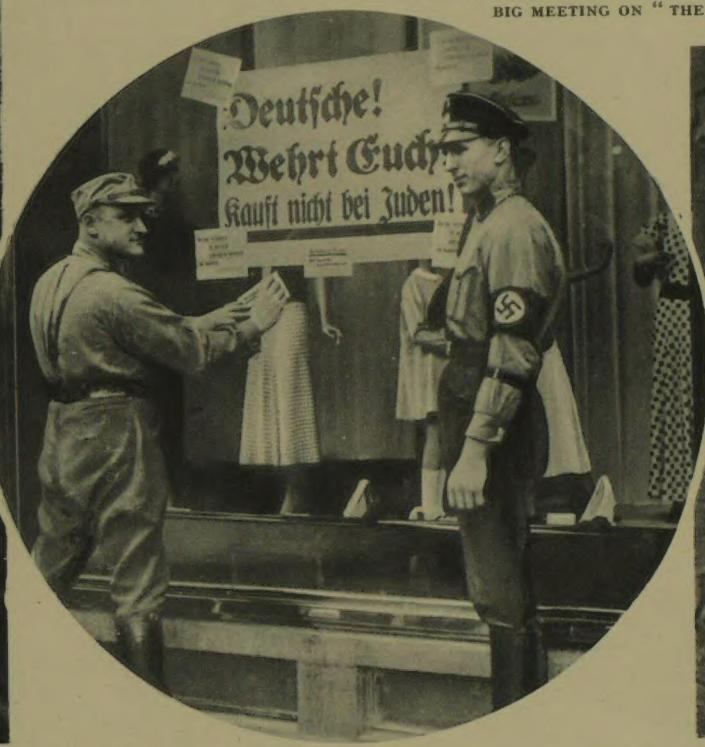
TYPICAL OF THE WAY IN WHICH NAZIS PREVENTED JEWS DOING BUSINESS ON APRIL 1, WHEN THERE WAS A BOYCOTT FROM 10 A.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT: A "BUY ONLY AT GERMAN SHOPS" POSTER ON THE WINDOW OF A BERLIN ESTABLISHMENT.



AT A GREAT DEMONSTRATION HELD BY THE BOYCOTTERS OF JEWS IN THE LUST-GARTEN, BERLIN: DR. GOEBBELS, THE MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA, ADDRESSING A BIG MEETING ON "THE FIGHT FOR GERMAN NATIONALISM AND GERMAN TRADE."



WARNING POSSIBLE CUSTOMERS AWAY FROM A JEWISH  
STORES: A PICKET WITH A PLACARD—"GERMANS!  
DEFEND YOURSELVES! DON'T BUY FROM JEWS!"



NAZIS AT A JEWISH SHOP: FIXING SUCH NOTICES AS "IT IS FORBIDDEN TO BUY ANYTHING IN THIS JEWISH SHOP" AND "WARNING: JEW! VISITING FORBIDDEN."



THE PRACTISE OF JEWISH PROFESSIONAL MEN HELD  
UP: "WARNING; JEW! VISITING FORBIDDEN"  
NOTICES PASTED ON PHYSICIANS' NAME-PLATES.



ON THE DAY OF THE BOYCOTT: THE WINDOWS OF ISRAEL'S, IN THE ALEXANDER-PLATZ, BERLIN, CRUDELY MARKED WITH "GERMANS!!! DO NOT BUY FROM JEWS."

The persecution of Jews in Germany entered upon a new phase on March 28, when Nazi Headquarters issued an order for the whole of the machinery of their organisation to be set in motion against the Jews. Personal violence was forbidden; but it was decreed that a national boycott of Jewish goods and of Jews in professions should begin on the following Saturday, April 1. This order, which was represented as a counter-action to anti-German agitation abroad, which, it was alleged, had been inspired by Jewish interests, was duly enforced; save that it would appear that the instructions against personal violence were not obeyed in their entirety. The boycott went on from 10 a.m. until midnight.



ON THE DAY OF THE BOYCOTT: THE WINDOWS OF HEITINGER'S, A WELL-KNOWN JEWISH STORES IN BERLIN, MARKED WITH THE WORDS "JEW!", "JEW!", "JEW!"

During that period uniformed Nazis were stationed outside the Jewish shops and other undertakings, and every effort was made—with success—to hold up the work of Jewish traders and professional men. Nazis also posted placards on Jewish shops, telling Germans not to buy from Jews; and kindred notices were pasted over the name-plates of Jewish professional men. By April 3, Berlin, for example, had regained its normal appearance; but, despite expressed opinions that no further move would be made, there was still much fear that the boycott might be resumed on the Wednesday, as threatened. At the same time, it was reported that the German anti-Jewish movement as a whole was continuing.

## CAMBRIDGE'S TENTH SUCCESSIVE WIN.



CAMBRIDGE SETTING UP A NEW RECORD BY WINNING THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE FOR TEN CONSECUTIVE YEARS: THE CREWS SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE; CAMBRIDGE SLIGHTLY AHEAD.



THE FINISH OF THE BOAT-RACE: CAMBRIDGE PASSING THE POST AT MORTLAKE,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  LENGTHS AHEAD OF OXFORD, AFTER A STERN CONTEST AND A GALLANT EFFORT ON THE PART OF THE LOSERS.



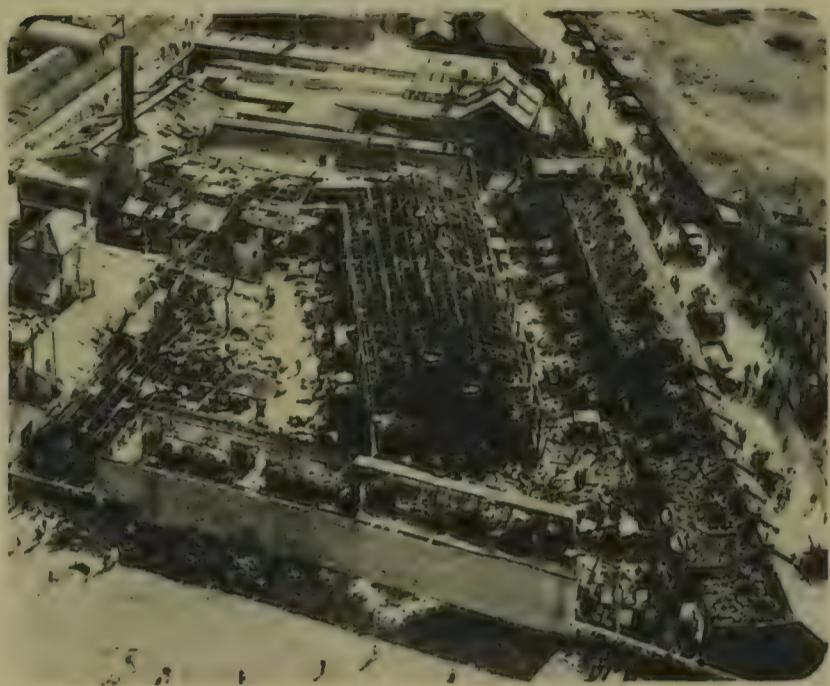
THE CREWS ROWED OUT AFTER THE RACE—OXFORD (IN FOREGROUND), AS THE BEATEN CREW, NATURALLY THE MORE EXHAUSTED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PART OF THE CROWD THAT GATHERED TO WATCH THE FINISH.

In the University Boat-Race, rowed from Putney to Mortlake on April 1, Cambridge set up a new record for the event by winning for the tenth year in succession. Oxford had previously had two runs of nine wins—one from 1861 to 1869 and again from 1890 to 1898—but neither University had ever before won for ten years running. It was the eighty-fifth Boat-Race. Cambridge have now won forty-four times to Oxford's forty, the race in 1877 resulting in a dead-heat. Cambridge won the toss and chose the Surrey station. It was an extremely even race until beyond Hammersmith Bridge, and indeed, the gap between the boats was never wider than at the finish. Frame-Thomson, the Cambridge stroke, spurted effectively soon after Hammersmith Bridge, and at the Stork was a length and a half ahead; but Holdsworth, the Oxford stroke, who deserved every credit for so extending a more experienced and potentially much faster crew, was always at their heels, and might well have made up the intervening distance if his crew had not been handicapped by the Cambridge wash. Cambridge won by two-and-a-quarter lengths in 20 minutes 57 seconds.



## THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT MITCHAM.

The chemical works of Messrs. W. J. Bush and Co. at Mitcham, South London, were completely wrecked by an explosion on the morning of March 30, and over twenty adjacent cottages were rendered uninhabitable. One boy, aged twelve, was killed, and twenty-three people were injured. Five of these were seriously hurt, including three employees of the works, who are suffering from burns on the face. The explosion, which occurred at a time when occupants of the houses were just rising or were still in bed, shook the entire neighbourhood with such force that many people mistook it for an earthquake. The roof of the works was blown off and the main walls were pushed out, the débris, which caused much of the damage and many of the injuries, falling on adjacent cottages and streets. Then fire broke out in the ruins of the works. A local relief fund for the destitute was immediately opened, and the homeless families, of whom very few, if any, were covered by insurance, were accommodated temporarily at the Holborn School, London Road, Mitcham. Home Office inspectors visited the ruins to enquire into the cause of the disaster; and the Home Secretary, in reply to Mr. Will Thorne, promised the fullest possible investigation.



THE EXPLOSION AT MITCHAM, IN WHICH ONE BOY WAS KILLED AND TWENTY-THREE PEOPLE WERE INJURED: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE WRECK OF THE CHEMICAL WORKS AND OF A NUMBER OF NEIGHBOURING COTTAGES.



WRECKED COTTAGES AT MITCHAM—ALMOST DEMOLISHED BY THE EXPLOSION: SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE RENDERED HOMELESS TRYING TO SALVE ARTICLES OF VALUE FROM THE RUINS.



RELIEF WORK AT MITCHAM: SERVING OUT HOT TEA FROM A SALVATION ARMY VAN AMONG MEMBERS OF THE FIFTY FAMILIES WHOSE HOMES WERE DEVASTATED BY THE EXPLOSION.

**"Little Hats"—Created by Domergue, the Artist;  
and Painted by Him on the Sitters  
for whom he Selected Them.**



"THE RED AIGRETTE."



"LE CHOU ROSE."



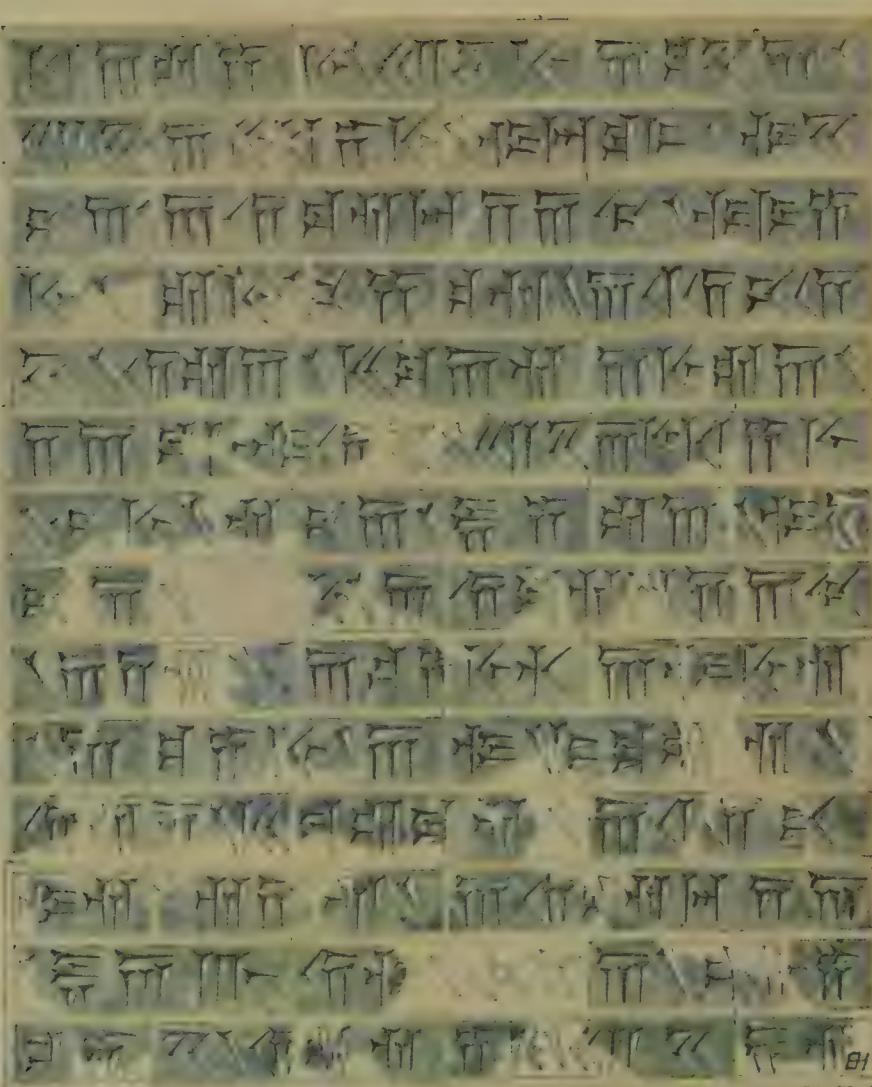
THE 1900 HAT.

"For a little hat," writes a witty Frenchman, M. Jacques Boulenger, provoked by the roguish visions which we here present to our readers, "there is no need of gorgeous stuffs or expensive straw; the way in which it is put on counts for everything. Take a foundation, the slightest foundation possible, put feathers, flowers, ribbons, anything you like, on it; tack it all together, put it on the model's head, and you have, as a result, something quite charming—or a sheer monstrosity—there is no compromise." It is hit or miss with these provocative nothingnesses—these triumphant velleities. "Besides, there is nothing more personal than one of these little hats," M. Boulenger goes on. "It is not like those

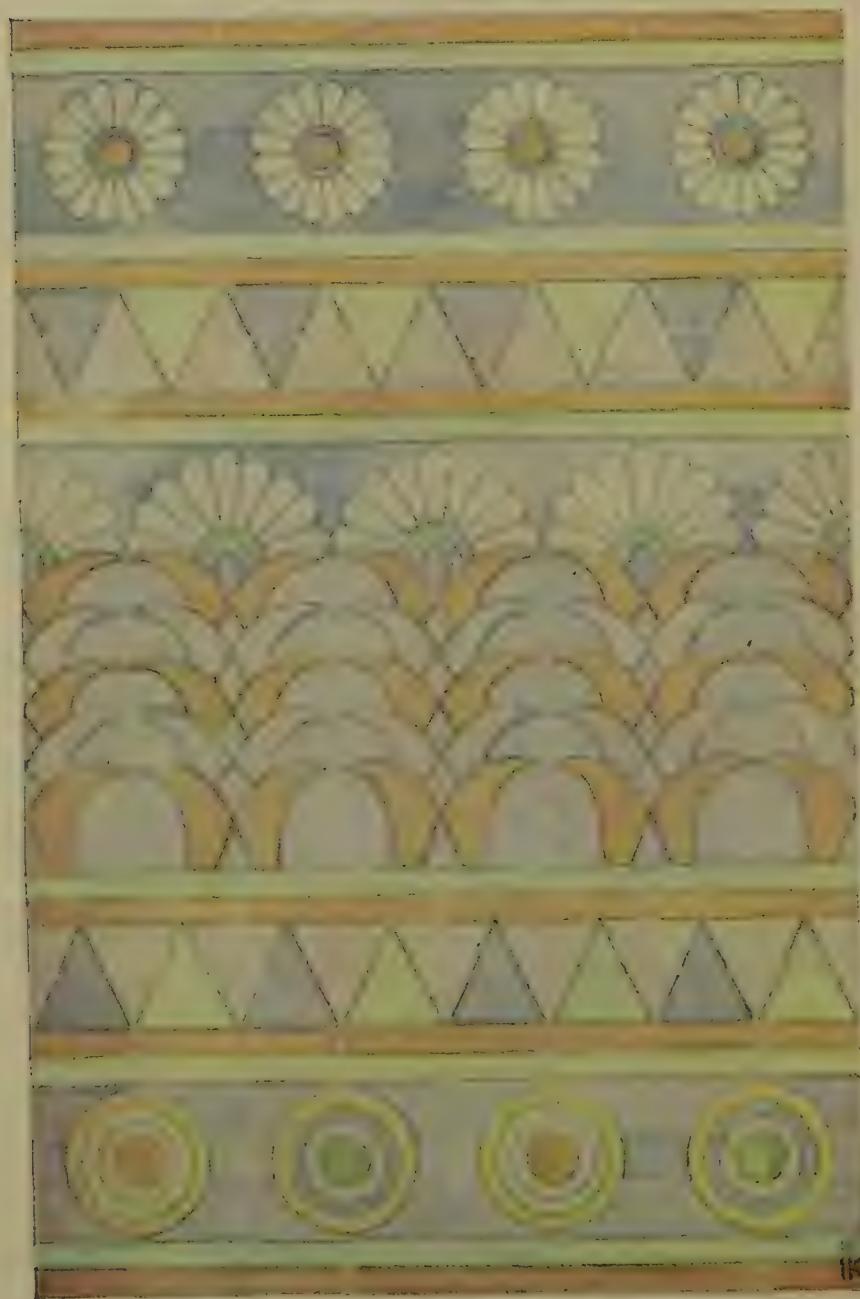


"DOLORÈS."

cloche hats, which suit almost all women alike. No; this trifle on your hair must conform to the secret rhythm of your features. It is a difficult business.... Jean-Gabriel Domergue (the painter of these pictures) knows that full well; and the little miracles that his young ladies wear were made by him himself. Of course, he did not stitch them together himself! But he keeps the most charming collection of little hats that you could dream of in his cupboard. He thinks them out himself and evolves them according to his different types of models, and he puts them on their heads. After that, can you be surprised that each of his portraits is such a little marvel of style?"



AN INSCRIPTION OF XERXES IN ENAMELLED BRICKS, RESTORED FROM 100 FRAGMENTS: A RELIC OF A FAMOUS PERSIAN KING RECENTLY RECOVERED FROM THE PALACE AT PERSEPOLIS BURNT BY ALEXANDER IN 333 B.C.



A TENTATIVE RESTORATION OF THE DECORATIVE DESIGN, IN ENAMELLED BRICKS, THAT FORMED A HIGH FRIEZE UNDER CRENELLATIONS CROWNING THE PALACE WALLS AT PERSEPOLIS: A DRAWING IN WATER-COLOUR.

## Xerxes in Ancient Persian Art: The Colour of Treasures from the Great Persepolis Discovery.

WATER-COLOURS AFTER THE SCULPTURES DISCOVERED BY THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY ORIENTAL INSTITUTE EXPEDITION TO PERSIA, UNDER PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD. BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JAMES HENRY BREASTED, DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE.



XERXES LEAVING THE PALACE UNDER THE ROYAL PARASOL: A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF A RELIEF FOUND AT PERSEPOLIS, REPRESENTING THE PERSIAN KING WHOSE FLEET THE GREEKS DEFEATED AT SALAMIS.

PROFESSOR HERZFELD'S great discoveries at Persepolis, including sculptured reliefs unsurpassed in ancient art, were fully illustrated and described in our last two numbers. Here our readers are enabled to see some of the "finds" in their actual colours. It is particularly interesting to observe the traces of colour on the figure of Xerxes, whose naval host was vanquished by the Greeks in 480 B.C., as related in Byron's famous lines—"A king sat on the rocky brow That looks o'er sea-born Salamis." With reference to the other two subjects, Professor Herzfeld wrote, in his article in our issue of March 25, alluding to Alexander's burning of the palace at Persepolis (in 333 B.C.), when he had conquered Darius, the successor of Xerxes: "After the destruction of the roofs, the walls also, built with sun-dried bricks and decorated only with a high band of enamelled tiles under the crenellations along the roof line, crumbled, the highest first. Out of thousands of fragments, it is now possible to piece together the decorative frieze of enamelled bricks, and also an inscription in the name of Xerxes." Subsequently, hundreds of inscribed commercial tablets were unearthed from the terrace on which the palace ruins stand.

## "DEV."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
"DE VALERA": By DENIS GWYNN.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD'S.)

THIS is an excellent, balanced account of an Irish leader whom the author describes justly as "one of the most baffling characters in modern politics." Of de Valera his opponents might say, in the words of the old song—

The plant that is many times trodden under foot,  
Give it time, it will spring up again.

From every downtreading this remarkable Irreconcilable has sprung up again with redoubled vitality, until, from crude and uncertain beginnings, he has become a political strategist whom nobody can afford to ignore inside or outside his own country. What will be his significance in the future of Ireland and of the British Empire? "Is he," asks Mr. Gwynn, "the agent of secret forces which have for more than twelve years put him forward as a convenient figurehead? Or is he himself the author of a programme which he imposes upon those who have sought to make use of him? . . . Is he, like Kerensky in Russia, a dreamer inspiring crowds by disinterested idealism and by passionate conviction, but incapable of appreciating the consequences of his own magnetic influence? Or is that cold, logical intellect, trained for many years to think in terms of mathematical abstractions, in fact the directing mind of a revolution which may yet be carried through with utter ruthlessness and undeviating purpose?"

Having been born in New York in 1882, Edward de Valera (as he was christened) is technically an American citizen—a fact which probably saved his life after the

but when he joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood, he was committed, probably much to his own surprise and possibly even to his own distaste, to a destiny which nobody could have predicted for him. There is respectable testimony that he personally disapproved of the

subject to the most incalculable fluctuations of opinion, so that he was even suspected of "unsoundness" by the extremists. Somewhat anxious eyes were cast upon him by his followers when that astonishing person, Michael Collins, contrived his escape from Lincoln gaol—an incident which reads like a boy's book of adventure; but he then announced the first of his disconcerting decisions, which utterly dismayed his party. He was determined to go to America as a missionary of Sinn Fein, and nothing would dissuade him. He now revealed to his colleagues an impregnable obstinacy which was to be repeated on many critical occasions. It is one of his outstanding characteristics, in Mr. Gwynn's analysis, that he is almost completely impervious to argument.

His reception by the American Irish was hysterically enthusiastic, his opportunity extraordinary. He collected large funds; but otherwise the net result of his crusade was, from the point of view of Sinn Fein, disastrous failure. His overbearing demeanour, which grew upon him with popular acclaim, and his entire lack of diplomacy, bitterly antagonised his most influential sympathisers and split the Irish-American organisation from top to bottom. In de Valera's correspondence at this period there is no mistaking the note of intense personal vanity aggravated by a gift of "inexhaustible casuistry" to which this biographer calls attention, with many examples, repeatedly.

Many an ambassador, having failed so signally in his "messianic rôle," would have been disown with ignominy; the more so because he had been absent for nearly two years, enjoying safety, comfort, and adulation, while his comrades were passing through a most bloody struggle at home—a circumstance on which his adversaries did not fail to comment. Yet on his return he immediately commanded the personal attachments which he has always been able to inspire throughout his career; and when the truce was declared, he found himself in the chief position of responsibility. The part which he played in the Treaty negotiations is not unjustly summarised by Mr. Gwynn in a few sentences of his Introduction: "The truce at last brought de Valera the opportunity of negotiating an Irish settlement on terms which would have seemed inconceivable a few years before. Yet he refused even to negotiate in person, and he appointed a group of five plenipotentiaries to conclude the Treaty with unfettered responsibility. When they concluded their labours, he not only repudiated the credentials he had himself given to his delegates, but led the opposition forces into a civil war in which he took no active part." Mr. Gwynn's indictment is that de Valera, having pusillanimously shifted the responsibility for negotiation on to others, harassed and impeded them in all their efforts, and received the fruits of their labours with violent pique because his personal and final sanction had not been obtained. Having thus repudiated, and being challenged to offer an alternative to the Treaty, he produced the notorious "Document No. 2," which it is interesting to recall to-day, for it conceded substantially every point which has since been attacked as an intolerable grievance in the actual Treaty. When the Treaty party won, de Valera gave an assurance that "we will not interfere with you, except when we find that you are going to do something that will definitely injure the Irish nation." Almost immediately after, he was making pronouncements about "wading through Irish blood" which precipitated another civil war. Once more he was "trodden under foot": once more he "springs up again."



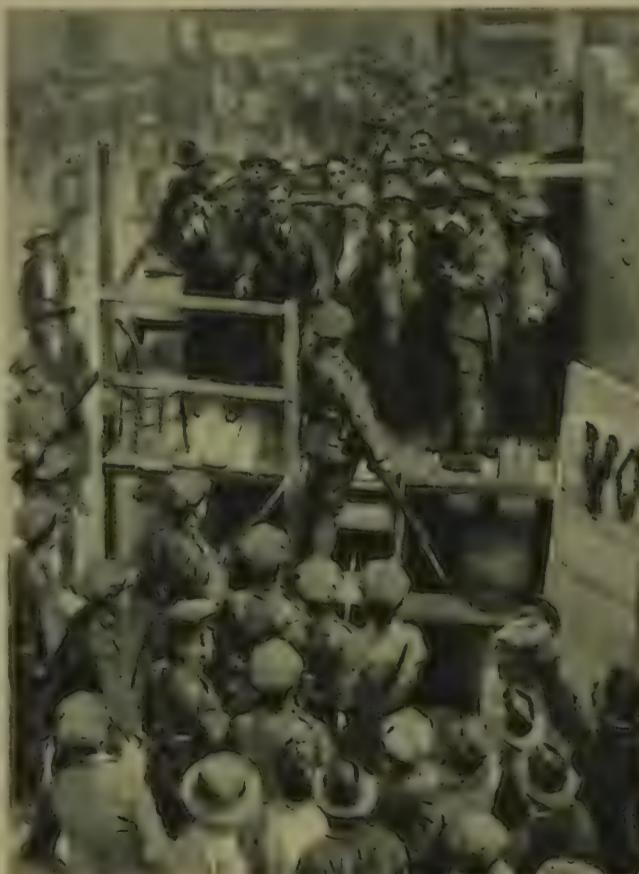
THE SUBJECT OF MR. GWYNN'S BIOGRAPHY PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS WIFE AT A RECENT FUNCTION: MR. AND MRS. DE VALERA.

Mr. and Mrs. de Valera are seen here at the State Reception in Dublin Castle on St. Patrick's Night. Mrs. de Valera is seldom photographed.

Easter Rebellion of 1916; but, bowing to his orders, he took such a prominent part in the rising that he stepped at once into national prominence. He made his dispositions with far more generalship, and inflicted far more serious casualties, than any other of the insurgent commanders; and he was the last to surrender. Henceforth his was a name to reckon with in Ireland.

Saved by the narrowest margin from execution, he showed himself in several English prisons a formidable leader of malcontents. He was, in fact, leading a strike of prisoners when he was released with the other Easter rebels in June 1917. On his return to Ireland, he found himself a national hero, and within a month was elected by an overwhelming majority for East Clare. He was soon President of the Sinn Fein Convention, on the motion of Arthur Griffith himself, and when the Conscription Bill threw Ireland into a new ferment, he became more than ever a popular idol. In May 1918, he, with seventy-nine other Sinn Fein leaders, was arrested; and he was soon lodged in Lincoln gaol.

Up to this time, de Valera had shown no political aptitude commensurate with his popularity. He was still, according to several observers quoted by Mr. Gwynn, an ineffectual speaker and an unskillful chairman; and, what was more embarrassing for his colleagues, he was



"THE STORMY PETREL OF IRELAND CAGED AT LAST": DE VALERA BEING ARRESTED AT ENNIS, CO. CLARE, IN AUGUST 1923—A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN THE REPUBLICAN LEADER'S CAREER.

This drawing, published in "The Illustrated London News" of August 25, 1923, shows de Valera's arrest. He had emerged from concealment to address a Sinn Fein election meeting, when Free State troops in an armoured car dashed through the crowd, dispersed it by firing blank cartridges into the air, and arrested the speaker on the platform.

[Continued on page 514]

A FACSIMILE OF THE POSTER WHICH ANNOUNCED THE DUBLIN INSURRECTION OF EASTER WEEK, 1916: A FIERY DOCUMENT—"THE BASIS OF MR. DE VALERA'S RISE TO MOST UNEXPECTED GLORIES."

At the time of the Dublin insurrection, Eamon de Valera, then thirty-three years old, was a Commandant in the Irish Volunteers, and in that capacity directed operations in one of the most important sectors in Dublin. He was apparently opposed to the insurrection, but obeyed orders and fought through the whole week.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Jarrold's, Publishers of "De Valera."

insurrection of 1916. But he is essentially Irish by all associations, for he was still an infant when he was sent to his mother's relatives in Ireland, on the death of his father, a Spanish-American. He grew up amid the simple surroundings of the tenant farmers of County Limerick, but showed marked promise at school and university and rose rapidly to the position of Professor of Mathematics at the Training College for teachers at Carysfort. He was then in his early thirties, and had shown no particular inclination towards politics, though he was deeply interested in the "Irish Ireland" movement, and especially in the revival of the Irish tongue. Mr. Gwynn, a student under him when he was lecturing at University College, Dublin, gives a vivid personal impression of his "extremely remarkable" appearance; it is essentially the portrait of a detached ascetic, unworldly academic.

Even when he enrolled in the Volunteers during the troubles of 1914, he showed no ambition for leadership;

"De Valera." By Denis Gwynn, author of "The Life of John Redmond," "The Life and Death of Roger Casement," "Edward Martyn and the Irish Revival," etc. (Jarrold's: 12s. 6d.)

## "S.O.S.": KEEP THE UNEMPLOYED BUSY!

By COMYNS BEAUMONT.

(See Illustrations Opposite and on Pages 492 and 493.)

Up and down the country, men and women, realising the tragedy which stalks behind what is becoming permanent unemployment in some parts, are devoting their time, and frequently their money, to ameliorate in all possible ways the situation of the millions who are forced into idleness by the economic conditions of the day. Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, the famous tobacco-manufacturers of Bristol, have taken a lead in this effort, and it seems to me to be well worthy of comment, for more than one reason. They are themselves great employers of labour, treating their workpeople generously, and, while unemployment in Bristol is by no means rife compared with other centres of industry, it exists—as, indeed, where does it not? Yet Messrs. Wills, taking a broad outlook, called together their employees and invited Mr. S. P. B. Mais to address them with a view to some practical aid.

I need scarcely introduce Mr. Mais to you. Millions know him in virtue of his broadcasting activities every Friday night and Saturday morning on this problem of employing the unemployed. He is a noted figure in the world of literature. He is a man of volcanic activity who covers more ground in a day than most of us would do in a week! The Prince of Wales, before visiting Glasgow last week, sent for Mais as the best-known authority on this social service, to ask him for his impressions at first hand. He possesses great personal charm, can talk to the unemployed without the slightest affectation, and in a few moments seems to be able to endow them with a new hope and impart some of his own hearty optimism. A crowded meeting it was in Messrs. Wills's palatial factory, with Mr. W. S. Walters, chairman of the firm, presiding, and on the platform Mr. F. O. Wills, Mr. Thornton Wills, Mr. Ingham Gunn, as well as Mr. T. J. Wise, the Lord Mayor of Bristol, who is himself doing so much to assist unemployment under the "Bristol scheme."

Mr. Mais told his audience much the same things as I placed before the readers of *The Illustrated London News* last week. He emphasised that, when hope of obtaining a job dwindles to nothingness, a man's soul may slowly rot, and he added that what almost frightened him was that the unemployed were gradually showing tendencies of getting into a groove by themselves, meaning thereby they were in danger of becoming aloof from their fellow-men, a sort of pariahs, in fact, in the industrial world. This is a phase of chronic unemployment which needs to be carefully watched. This address of Mr. Mais greatly impressed the audience in Messrs. Wills's factory, and something concrete in Bristol is likely to be the upshot of it all.

I am bound to say that unemployment in the west and south-west presents nothing like the same problem as in the north. New industries are opening up in the south, partly, at least, due to the Tariff Act, and the drift is certainly southwards. In Glasgow a well-known business man told me that the staple trades of the north were vanishing from them, in many cases permanently. "Glasgow," he said,

"was once the home of tobacco-manufacture. Our only salvation to-day is to start new manufactures here to absorb our working population." Apart from the slump in shipbuilding, the southern ports, with Southampton building the greatest new docks in the world, are cutting out the north, because, among other things, they are more conveniently situated for ocean travel from London, the heart of the Empire. However, not so far away from

prosperous Southampton, many movements are in progress not merely to keep the unemployed busy, but to give them work which at least is potentially remunerative. At Poole, for instance, a far-seeing Municipality have inaugurated a scheme, now well under way, where unemployed labour is mobilised to lay out a big new recreation-ground. The funds have been and are being raised by public subscription—over two hundred volunteers make a house-to-house collection

—with the result that the unemployed in relays are given in turn three days' work, on which £125 is being spent weekly, at no expense to the rate-payers and yet beautifying the town. This is an example which might be largely followed.

The Bournemouth Corporation have a giant allotment scheme in full swing, with 145 holdings, a delightful hut built by the men themselves, and not only are tools lent free, seeds provided by the generosity of the Society of Friends, but any man can get a square meal for the modest sum of one halfpenny. The development of our land, where millions of acres are lying fallow, is one of the serious means of relieving unemployment, if local markets can be provided for the sale of produce. Bournemouth, also, have a fine scheme of tree-felling, at Pokesdown

Centre, a large number of men splitting the trees, and sawing them into logs, these being given as reward for labour, thirty large logs being the weekly maximum for any man. Also a carpenter's shop is well patronised, where the men make anything they wish at almost nominal cost. They have, among other things, produced a beautiful model of the grounds and buildings of the Royal Agricultural Show, to be held in Bournemouth a little later on. Talking of carpentry, I saw unemployed miners at Tinsley, not far from Bristol, busily at work especially on meat-safes, which are sold, half the profit going to the club and half to the worker.

But, before I close, a few words should be added upon the experimental camp at Godshill, in the New Forest. This is not primarily a camp for the unemployed, because any young man, up to twenty-five years of age, can apply for permission to join it, the cost of living being not much more than 18s. a week. The main idea of Grith Fyrd (meaning "Peace Army") is communal. The members learn camp construction, cultivation of the land, raising of small live-stock, to be self-supporting, and at the same time to be physically fit in the open-air life. They are taught weaving and pottery, so as to be independent, in a word, of all the artificialities of city life. This movement, of which Grith Fyrd is the pioneer camp, is organised by the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry, at Toynbee Hall, and will later be extended to married couples and older men. Social betterment is the watchword of Grith Fyrd, and all the young men I saw there seemed supremely happy in their lovely wooded camp. It is a movement which deserves support, but is crippled at present for lack of funds to enable it to be expanded. Altogether, the south-west and south are fighting unemployment with a resolution and courage that deserve all praise.



HUT-BUILDING AT THE PIONEER GRITH FYRD CAMP AT GODSHILL, HAMPSHIRE, IN THE NEW FOREST: A MEMBER AT WORK THATCHING THE ROOF.



LITERARY PURSUITS IN THE GRITH FYRD CAMP AT GODSHILL, NEAR FORDINGBRIDGE, HANTS: MEMBERS READING A PLAY. The Grith Fyrd Camp, mentioned in the accompanying article and illustrated, with a further note, on our double-page (pages 492 and 493), is the beginning of a new movement towards social betterment. Young men of eighteen to twenty-five go into camp for eighteen months, building their own shelters, cutting fuel, growing part of their own food, and so on. The first camp, at Godshill, in the New Forest, started last year, and, if well supported, may be the forerunner of many others.

## THE APOSTLE OF S.O.S. BY BROADCAST: AN APPEAL IN PERSON.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BRISTOL, C. E. TURNER. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



PROMOTING SOCIAL SERVICE IN BRISTOL: MR. S. P. B. MAIS ADDRESSES EMPLOYEES OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY  
ON BEHALF OF THE UNEMPLOYED—REPLYING TO A QUESTION AFTER HIS SPEECH.

This drawing illustrates the meeting (described by Mr. Comyns Beaumont in his article opposite) held recently in Bristol, at the famous works of Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, a branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company, for the purpose of promoting a scheme, to which the company's employees would have the option of contributing, to provide occupation for the unemployed. The figures in the foreground are (from left to right) the Lord Mayor of Bristol (Mr. T. J. Wise), Mr. W. S. Walters, Chairman of Messrs. Wills (presiding), Mr. S. P. B. Mais (standing and replying to a question), and Mr. F. O. Wills (with his back to the spectator). On the table before Mr. Mais is a microphone (an instrument familiar to him in his well-known S.O.S. broadcast talks), and above,

to right, is a loud-speaker. Mr. Mais was invited to address the meeting as an authority on the unemployment problem and Social Service. In that capacity (as Mr. Beaumont mentions) he was recently summoned to discuss the subject with the Prince of Wales. An extract from one of Mr. Mais's broadcast appeals for occupation centres for the unemployed appeared beneath the drawing entitled "S.O.S." in our issue of March 4. "In these clubs [he declared]—and I have seen hundreds of them—the unemployed find precisely what they most need, companionship, happiness, and pride in achievement. . . . Your job and mine is—(1) to see that every town and village has these workshops going at once; and (2) to become members of them ourselves."

## S.O.S.: SOCIAL SERVICE ON BEHALF OF THE UNEMPLOYED

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



JOINERY AND MODEL-MAKING AT THE UNEMPLOYED OCCUPATIONAL CENTRE, BOURNEMOUTH.

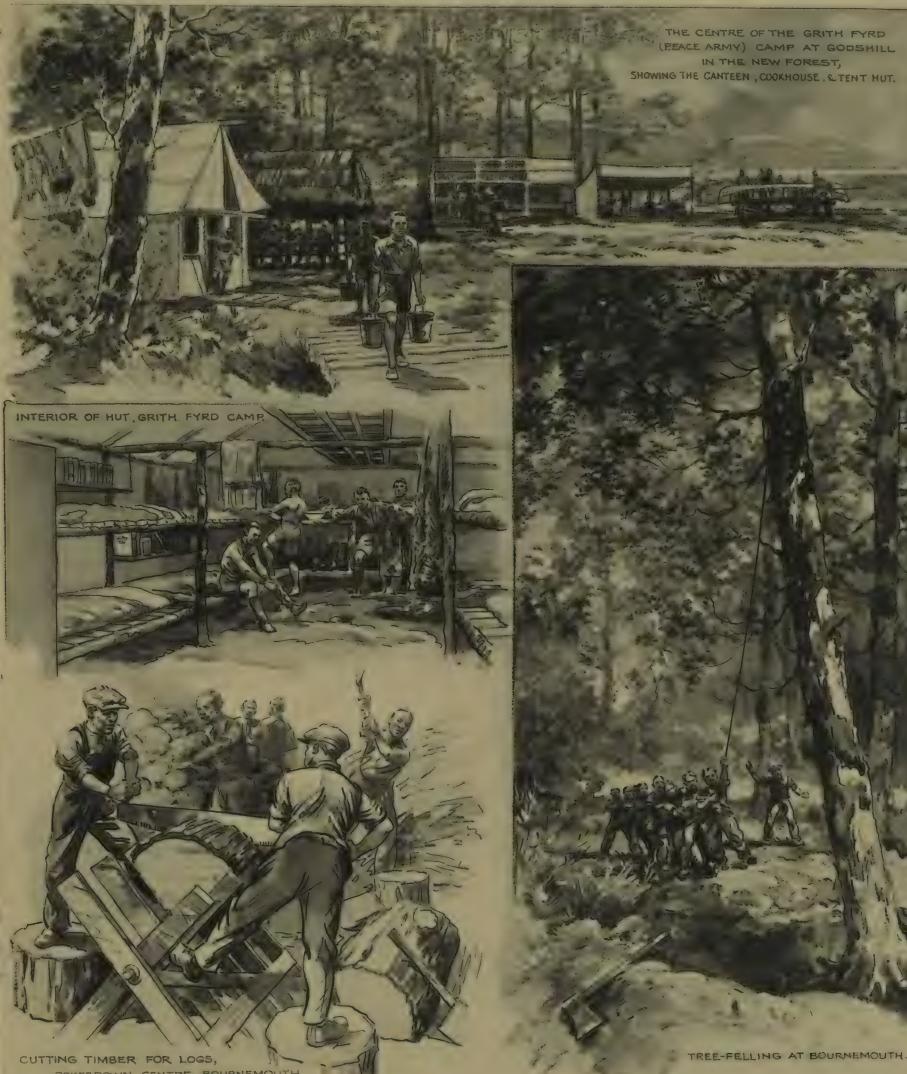
## VARIOUS WAYS OF HELPING "THE MILLIONS FORCED INTO IDLENESS BY THE ECONOMIC TINSLEY, AND

As Mr. Comyns Beaumont has pointed out in his article on page 490, the unemployment problem is far less acute in the south and south-west than it is in the north, as described in his previous article (in our last number) on social service work in Glasgow and the other Scottish centres recently visited by the author of "Waste Not, Want Not." Unemployment, however, exists, to a greater or less degree, in all parts of the country at present, and in places such as Bristol, Bournemouth, and Poole equally admirable

efforts are being made to provide occupation for those forced into idleness by the prevailing economic conditions, and thus to combat the natural tendency to apathy and depression. The examples illustrated above, of what Mr. Beaumont gives details in his article, are not only excellent and praiseworthy in themselves, but will afford many useful hints and suggestions to the promoters of similar efforts in other districts that may be suffering more severely. The Bournemouth Corporation has established a great allot-

## IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST OF ENGLAND.

C. E. TURNER (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 493.)



## CONDITIONS OF THE DAY: TYPICAL OCCUPATION SCHEMES AT BOURNEMOUTH, POOLE, GODSHILL.

ment scheme—assisted, in the provision of seeds, by the Society of Friends—as well as tree-felling and log-sawing at the Pokesdown Centre, and a carpenter's shop where unemployed men can make anything they like at a very slight cost. Similar work is carried out by unemployed miners at Tinsley, near Bristol. Social service in Bristol itself, initiated by Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, is the subject of another drawing on page 491. At Poole, the Municipality is utilising unemployed labour to lay out a new

recreation-ground. One of the above drawings illustrates an interesting movement of a communal type, initiated by the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry, and known as the Grith Fyrd Camp, in the New Forest, at Godshill, near Fordingbridge, Hampshire. It is explained that "fyrd" was King Alfred's name for his citizen army, and that "grith" means "peace." This first camp, it is hoped, may be the forerunner of others. Details may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Grith Fyrd Camps, Toyneby Hall, London, E.1.



FIG. 1. A POTTERY BOWL (FOUND UNDER THE SKELETON'S ARM) WHICH PROBABLY HELD FOOD FOR THE DEAD: A WELL-PRESERVED VESSEL, FINISHED BLACK WITH GRAPHITE, FAR FINER THAN ANY MODERN NATIVE WORK. (SIZE OF ORIGINAL, 8 IN. WIDE.)

IT came as a surprise when the announcement was made recently that a treasure-grave had been opened near the Limpopo River, the boundary between the Transvaal and Rhodesia. The report was hardly credited until it was known that Professor Leo Fouche, the historian at the University of Pretoria, with a colleague, was concerned in the matter, and that the University itself was conducting an investigation.

The grave was found in a totally unmarked position on the summit of an extraordinary hill (Figs. 2 and 3), which forms a perfect stronghold for defence and had long been venerated by local natives. It was opened by a party of five men. Only the circumstance that one was an ex-pupil of Professor Fouche's prevented the sale or destruction of various gold objects found, which were saved through very prompt action by the professor, supported by the University and the owner of the land on which the hill stands. A rough stocktaking of the whole find starts necessarily with the crumbled remains of the skeleton. Fragments of leg bone and a few teeth and parts of teeth were all that could be identified, but the bit of shoulder-blade and the teeth indicated that the person buried was an adult, probably a man.

The chief ornaments recovered may be enumerated as follows: (1) A great number of bangles of flat gold wound spirally (presumably over a fibre core, which has perished). (2) A smaller number of copper bangles of the same technique—besides, apparently, a large amount of copper near the middle of the body, oxidised so much that it crumbled away. (3) One small piece of what appears to be bronze, very valuable because of its possible bearing on the bronze and tin found among ruins in Rhodesia (where there are no tin-mines) and the old tin-workings at Rooiberg and elsewhere in the north-central Transvaal. (4) A rusted mass of iron bangles (with a few gold and other "spacing" beads), from their shape and position probably worn on the ankle. (5) Many ounces of gold beads, all small, but varying considerably in size; some made by bending a small piece of gold wire into circular shape, others with the hole punched through a solid pellet. Three or four are perfectly made in the shape of a musk-melon, but with only five sectors (Fig. 4). (6) Representations of the bodies, ears, and horns of three rhinoceroses, the tails of two, parts of legs, and the head and muzzle of one, denoting three animals altogether, made in thin gold plating (one hundredth of an inch thick), except for solid tails and ears. The different parts of the animals are made separately, and in them are tack-holes and actual tacks, showing how they were nailed on to something solid (Fig. 5). (7) A gold basin about 5 in. in diameter, plain except for a slightly turned lip (Fig. 6), made in segments, nailed like the rhinoceros; the holes are round and punched with great regularity along the sector joints. (8) Parts of what appears to be another bowl, some with tacks in position. (9) The gold skin of a thick bracelet (wristlet), also showing tacking (Fig. 9). (10) Hundreds of gold tacks, about the size of the smallest ordinary household tacks. Where these are sticking in the gold, the heads have been neatly beaten into the plate.

The objects so far mentioned are clearly describable. The other gold pieces are best dealt with photographically. In the group shown (Fig. 8), all are interesting and mysterious. At the top are two pieces of what appears to be the rim of something, and below on either side are other pieces which may be parts of the same object, but lack the scallops at the edges, and differ in design. The curvature of the fragments indicates a diameter of about 12 inches.

At the bottom in the middle is a pair of what appear to be centres of helical pieces of plate. These have tack-holes like the rest. Above them is a small cone, 2½ in. long, of slightly heavier gold. Professor Fouche pointed out to me its resemblance to a ferrule of a stick or staff; and he and Professor Malan both referred to the last of the little mysteries in gold (Fig. 7), which might be the rim of a very small bowl, but which they

considered rather suggests the binding of the head of a staff or "rod of office," which may have been shod with the conical piece already mentioned (in Fig. 8). This ring (Fig. 7), semi-circular in section, is of heavier plate than the work so far described. It has, neatly punched into it, the herring-bone pattern familiar in "ancient" and modern Rhodesian art. The fact that this pattern is along the edge on both sides suggests that the object was not the top of a bowl or cup, as the pattern on the lower face would then be invisible.

The rest of the inventory includes several pounds of beads of various kinds; a little earthen bowl with turned-up rim (bottom missing), much corroded but showing faint criss-cross markings, and part of another earthen bowl, with firmly incised diamond pattern. A larger bowl (8 in. in diameter) is of thin material and very flat (Fig. 1). It appears to be graphite-finished, and is in perfect state except for being cracked cleanly across. This bowl was apparently found under one arm of the skeleton. Other objects are: a small disc, with hole in the centre, cut out of rough pottery; a little flat amulet of green stone, roughly scratched with lines and having two small holes, evidently for suspending it; a chisel; and what appear to be two arrow-heads, with twisted shanks, all of iron.

The principle which Professors Fouche and Malan wish observed is that facts only should be stated, and no deductions made or theories attempted until exact information is available from various authorities—for instance, the report of Mr. Horace Beck, the London authority on beads, who has already examined examples from the Rhodesian ruins and from all parts of Africa and the East. It is possible, however, to indicate certain similarities between the various relics and those unearthed at different times in Rhodesia. These similarities commence with the beads, being very strong indeed in the gold-work—in fact, in the gold itself, which is similar to Rhodesian rather than to Transvaal gold—and run through everything, including the little disc of pottery,

## THE "MYSTERY" GRAVE OF MAPUNGABWE.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN THE TRANSVAAL: A GRAVE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN, CONTAINING MUCH GOLD-WORK, FOUND ON THE SUMMIT OF A NATURAL ROCK STRONGHOLD IN A WILD REGION.

[By F. R. PAVER (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page).]

photographs of articles from very ancient graves in Persia, reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* some years ago.

In relation to these Rhodesian and East African coast associations, the guess that the half-round circlet of thicker gold (Fig. 7) and the cone (in Fig. 8) are the top and ferrule of a staff is illuminating. "By his side," says a description of the typical grave of a Rhodesian "Ancient," "if he were a great man, was laid his rod of office with beaten gold head embossed with the sun image, and with solid gold ferrule six to eight inches long." This passage is from "The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia," written in 1902 by the late R. N. Hall, who, whatever may be thought of his theories, was reasonably sound in his descriptions. "His gold ornaments were buried on his person . . . while, as in ancient Egypt and present-day Kaffir burials, earthenware pots, probably once containing grain, were placed beside him. . . . The wooden pillows were frequently covered with beaten gold fastened on by solid gold tacks."

Apparently we have here to do, then, with a burial of the kind which in the early days of Rhodesian colonisation was referred to colonisation in remote times from Saba (South Arabia) and Phoenicia, but is now more authoritatively attributed to mediæval, or possibly earlier,



FIG. 2. PERHAPS THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SOME LEGENDARY CHIEFTAIN: THE STRANGE CRAG ON WHOSE TOP THE GRAVE WAS FOUND—A NATURAL ROCK-FORTRESS, NOW THE HAUNT OF BABOONS, IN THE WILD COUNTRY OF THE LIMPONO VALLEY.

The hill in the right centre is the natural rock-fortress, Mapungabwe, on the top of which the mysterious grave was discovered. In this wild country of the Limpopo Valley, zebras and wildebeest may be seen grazing peacefully. Elephants and lions are still to be found there, to say nothing of enormous pythons, as well as scorpions of great activity.

development of a remarkable native culture stimulated by contact with the Arabs on the East Coast, and possibly with Indians, Malay derivatives from Madagascar, and even occasional Chinese trade via Zanzibar.

Probably the investigations to be undertaken will unravel the native superstitions concerning the hill. Curiously enough, there are two traditions in the history of the Bavenda tribe, which appears to have come to the Transvaal through Rhodesia, of legendary chiefs buried in the wilderness. One fits the circumstances of this discovery strangely well. It is the story of a chief who, having quarrelled with his family, went into exile, and was presumed to have died and been buried far from Bavendaland. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the Bavenda ever possessed such elaborate gold-work or such quantities of imported and possibly ancient beads. Moreover, they seem to have come south not more than two or three hundred years ago, whereas the grave has marks of a greater, possibly a much greater, age.

A party headed by Professor Fouche and Professor D. E. Malan (Zoology), and accompanied by Dr. L. J. Krige, of the South African Geological Survey (a brother-in-law of General Smuts), went out into the wilds towards the Limpopo. They recovered most of the gold pieces, beads, and small bowls taken from the grave, and then proceeded to the neighbourhood of the "great, greasy grey-green Limpopo River" where the hill is. A local native guide said: "If we go up there we die." On being asked "Why?" he replied: "I don't know. I only know we die." The place to which he referred (the *tabu* relating to it would prevent him from pointing to it) is an upstanding mass of hard sandstone about 100 ft. high, rising abruptly from a low talus of broken rock.

"It is a roughly boat-shaped hill," Professor Fouche says, "the top perhaps 300 yards long and 120 yards across at its widest. Its sides are rugged and irregular at first sight, unclimbable except perhaps (with the help of 30-ft. ladders) on its northern side. On the south side trees conceal the commencement of a great oblique cleft in the rock, the only practicable way to the top. A stranger might search long before finding this curious 'stairway.' The 'Ancients' had cut holes in the rock on either side of this narrow cleft, which serve as foot-holds and facilitate an ascent which otherwise would almost need the skill of a mountaineer negotiating a steep 'chimney.' The holes also seem to have been cut to accommodate wooden bars slipped in to impede an invader. There are actually slots running to these holes."



FIG. 3. THE STEEP CLIFFS OF MAPUNGABWE, THE BURIAL HILL, WHICH IS ONLY CLIMBABLE BY A CLEFT IN THE ROCK, AT THE TOP OF WHICH GREAT BOULDERS HAD BEEN PLACED READY FOR HURLING DOWN ON INVADERS: "A PERFECT STRONGHOLD FOR DEFENCE."

which almost certainly originated on the East Coast. Such things are found in great quantities in Zanzibar and its sister island of Pemba, but no one seems to know their use. The only other example I have seen was in some

[Continued opposite.]

## TREASURE FROM A MYSTERIOUS GRAVE IN SOUTH AFRICA: RELICS OF GOLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. F. R. PAVER. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 4. SMALL OBJECTS FROM THE GRAVE SHOWN WITH AN ORDINARY MATCH-HEAD (TOP CENTRE) TO INDICATE THEIR SIZE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) A GOLD NAIL, GOLD TACKS, AND VARIOUS BEADS, PLAIN AND LOBED.

FIG. 5. THIN GOLD PLATING OF A FIGURE OF A RHINOCEROS, MADE IN SECTIONS FASTENED BY GOLD TACKS TO WOOD OR OTHER SHAPED MATERIAL, AND HAVING SOLID EARS AND TAIL. (TWO-THIRDS OF ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 6. A BOWL OF THIN GOLD, ORIGINALLY SUPPORTED BY SOME INNER STRENGTHENING MATERIAL, NOW PERISHED BEYOND RECOGNITION: A VESSEL REMARKABLE FOR THE NEAT OVERLAPS AND STRICT REGULARITY OF THE TACK-HOLES. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 7. A SMALL GOLD CIRCLET, WITH HERRING-BONE PATTERN (OF RHODESIAN TYPE): PROBABLY THE TOP OF A STAFF OF WHICH THE CONE IN FIG. 8 IS THE FERRULE. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 8. "MYSTERY" OBJECTS OF THIN GOLD: (TOP) PROBABLY BORDURE OF A WOODEN HEAD-REST, TO WHICH THE PIECES AT THE SIDE AND HELICAL PIECES BELOW MAY BELONG; (CENTRE) A CONE, PROBABLY THE FERRULE OF A STAFF OF WHICH FIG. 7 IS THE HEAD. (WIDTH OF GROUP, 7 1/2 IN.)

*Continued from opposite.*  
But this was not the worst obstacle an enemy would face. At the head of the "stair" is a low breastwork of rough stones, and standing grimly convenient are great boulders, some of them 3 ft. high, poised in readiness, "As tho' an infant's touch could urge their headlong passage down the verge." Manifestly they were placed there as a form of defence, and they have been poised at the very edge and wedged up with small stones, so that, when those were kicked away, they would plunge down almost automatically. When the party reached the top they found an actual garrison—a swarm of baboons, who were enormously indignant at the invasion. As the men held the stairhead, the baboons could not get away. They gathered at a remote point, showing signs of

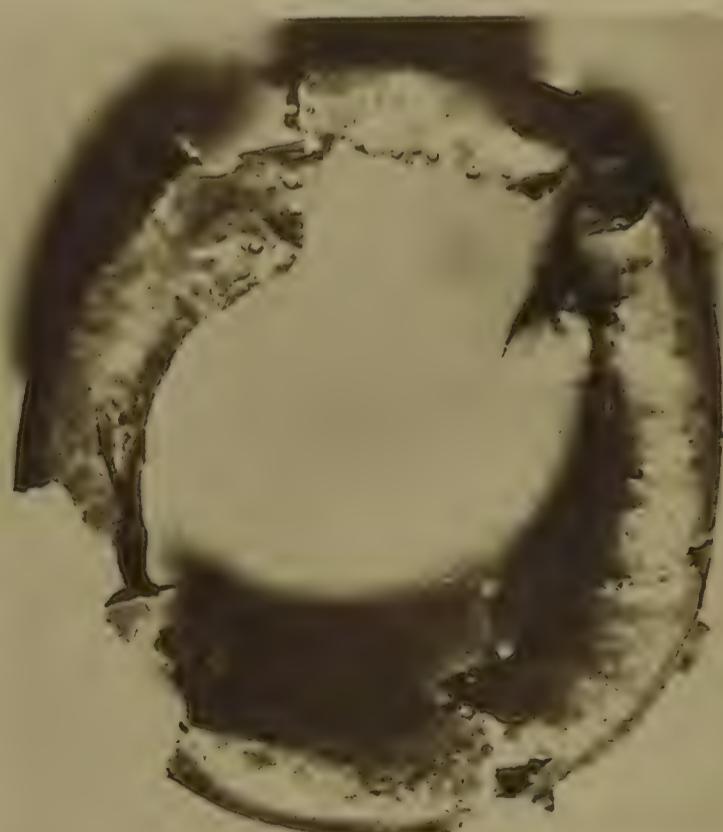


FIG. 9. THE GOLD OUTER SKIN OF A THICK WRISTLET OR BRACELET: AN EXAMPLE WHICH ALSO SHOWS TACK FASTENINGS AS IN THE CIRCLET SEEN IN FIG. 7. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

both terror and anger, and eventually they only succeeded in leaving the hill by action which was acrobatic even for them.

## PILGRIMS MASSED LIKE SWARMING BEES IN A HOLY POOL LEFT BY THE GANGES WHEN IT FOLLOWED A "HERCULES."



THE SACRED WATERS AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS SO CROWDED AS TO BE INVISIBLE: THOUSANDS OF HINDUS BATHING IN THE POOL AT KUMBAKONAM; AS THEY DO EVERY TWELFTH YEAR, WHEN THE STAR MAKHA IS IN THE ASCENDANT.

One of the biggest bathing festivals in South India, attended by Hindus from all over the country, is the Maghamika (contrasted to Maenamkami), which is held every twelfth year at Kumbakonam, a city in the Tanjore district of Madras. The usual attendance is from 150,000 to 200,000 people, and this year, the festival falling in March, Hindus in their myriads poured into Kumbakonam. The festival always happens in the month of Magha, corresponding with February-March, and

can only be held when Maka, the tenth star of the twenty-seven in Indian astrology, is in the ascendant. The sacred tank at Kumbakonam is close to the Temple of Siva. Its holiness is derived, according to Hindu mythology, from the fact that it really contains Ganges water, although the Ganges, of course, is many hundreds of miles away. The legend tells how the hero Bhagiratha, whose successful accomplishment of incredible tasks earns him the name of the Hindu Hercules, had

parents who fell sick. Since they were unable to reach the purifying waters of the Ganges, Bhagiratha diverted the river to them. It followed him on his wanderings, leaping in many places, as at Kumbakonam, residual lakes to this day—a happy fable which enables the people of South India, however far they may be from the holy Ganges, to claim a share in the sanctity of the parent stream. This particular festival lasts for ten days, during which celebrations are

taken in a grand procession, accompanied by musicians and the High Priest, to the bathing tank, where the assembled devotees await the priest's sign to achieve absolution in the water. When the sacred moment comes, each bather must put a coin upon his head and then submerge himself. The fish in the tank, it is said, rise in hundreds to the surface, where they are easily caught by hand.

## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"GÖSTA BERLING" is so vast and impressive a story that it is a fitter subject for an essay than a casual mention in a summary of the month's fiction. I do not feel able to give more than a tentative impression of this, perhaps the most romantic of Scandinavian novels. For some time it has been out of print. The new edition follows the translation published in 1894, except that eight chapters then omitted are here included.

Like nearly all Scandinavian novelists, Selma Lagerlöf is preoccupied with the problem of evil. I should be sorry to have to explain exactly what contribution Gösta Berling's career makes to the solution of that problem. Symbolism plays a great part in the story. The twelve cavaliers who enjoyed the hospitality of Fra Samzelius at Ekeby seem to be alternately a blessing and a curse. Their "merry pranks" are productive of much harm; yet evidently they are necessary to the attainment of that harmony towards which the story moves—if story it can be called, when the incidents are joined together so loosely.

Selma Lagerlöf's apprehension of moral issues, and her power of illustrating them in human conduct, recall and even rival Dostoevski's. The book contains some sublime moments. On the other hand, it has passages of great absurdity, passages in which pure exaggeration is redeemed neither by poetry nor symbolism nor romance. However, it is idle to comment on its defects, for it is clearly a work of genius, and the marvel is that it should have had to wait so long for re-publication.

Mr. W. R. Burnett is a novelist in whose work romance and realism are nicely blended. I doubt whether the ordinary "tough guy" talks as amusingly as he is made to do in "The Giant Swing": it seems odd that to get good conversation one must go to the underworld of an American provincial town. But I feel convinced that the spirit and idiom of their dialogue are faithfully reproduced, and that their attitude to each other—the cautious friendliness of dogs who may at any moment fly at each other's throats—is also true to life. The plot of the story, however, is romantic. Joe Nearing's sudden rise to fame and fortune (from being pianist in a jazz orchestra he became, in ten years, one of America's leading composers) is too startling to be easily credible. But it makes an excellent subject for a story. Like another Joseph, Joe is able to lord it over the people who had once underrated him. "The Giant Swing" is a very enjoyable book.

So is "The English Family Robinson." Mr. Murray's dialogue has not quite the "snap" of Mr. Burnett's, but it is sufficiently lively; and the efforts of the young Scarthwoods to repair the family fortunes, ruined in a general financial crash, are very entertaining. Virginia's method of meeting the situation was almost as original, and nearly as perilous, as the devices adopted by the Swiss Family Robinson; for she went into partnership with a horse-dealer. To the dangers inherent in this calling she added others; she became a renowned steeplechase rider, and among the prizes she won at the risk of her neck was a

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

Gösta Berling's Saga. By Selma Lagerlöf. (Cape; 8s. 6d.)  
 The Giant Swing. By W. R. Burnett. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
 The English Family Robinson. By D. L. Murray. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)  
 Wine with a Stranger. By Louise Redfield Peattie. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)  
 Bride of Quietness. By Alexander Knox. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
 Pageant. By G. B. Lancaster. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Gold Falcon. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)  
 Company K. By William March. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Prince Pax. By George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)  
 Penny Got. By Elizabeth Fagan. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Sapphire. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
 X v. Rex. By Martin Porlock. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
 Where Every Prospect Pleases. By Robertson Halkett (Benn; 7s. 6d.)

husband. Rosalind also distinguished herself at the more prosaic profession of chicken-farming. In fact, one may say that the Scarthwoods made moral capital out of their poverty. It stimulated their energies and brought out unsuspected qualities. Some of those to whom Virginia sold horses may not have appreciated her skill as a saleswoman; but the reader cannot help admiring her adroitness and wishing her luck in the future which shines so brightly on her. Mr. Murray is to be congratulated on his light-hearted and diverting tale.

Provence has supplied the setting for many a romance. Miss Peattie has done full justice to its picturesqueness. "Wine with a Stranger" is a story that delights the eye and all the senses. The plot, though adequate, is not remarkable for originality. A Spanish painter, a great lover of women, falls in love with his *patronne*, a widow, young, simple, beautiful, and charming. She would not, however, have overcome his constitutional aversion to marriage had she not also been beloved by the curé, Cyprien, with whom Prospero had struck up a friendship. Cyprien believed the worst of Prospero, thereby doing him a gross injustice, and it looks as though the misunderstanding might not be easily cleared up. Miss Peattie has a poetical imagination and an interesting mind. She sometimes uses words without due regard to their meaning, but her spiritual and intellectual interests are much wider than those of most novelists, and her book

and if Clint Hall had to stand a siege from unruly settlers, it soon recovered its calm when the attack was over. Miss Lancaster calls her book "Pageant," because its survey of Tasmania extends for sixty years; it is a leisurely, full-bodied story, which gives an excellent picture of a departed social order.

How many English novelists have given us their impressions of America! Manfred, the hero of "The Gold Falcon," goes there to escape from himself—from his wife, his family, his fame as a writer, his recollections of the war, his memories of his late mistress, everything that made the present tedious andavourless to him. In America he found a warm welcome and a new romance, but he continued to feel very sorry for himself. One gets irritated by his ready recourse to self-pity; after all, he had a great deal to be thankful for. A little emotional stiffening would have made "The Gold Falcon" a more attractive book; but we must allow the author a sense of beauty and a sensibility to suffering.

"Company K" is not so much a novel as a collection of typical experiences culled from the war-service of a hundred or so members of an American infantry company. Never has war been painted in darker colours than it is here. Not every novelist is capable of describing physical horror: Mr. March possesses this capacity in a supreme degree. As a piece of anti-war propaganda, "Company K" could not be bettered; and the individual records have considerable literary quality. The defect of the book is lack of continuity. The Company has no personality of its own, and the scenes, being, as a rule, complete in themselves, are like hammer-blows directed always on the same spot. One might imagine that nerves so exacerbated would cease to respond; but they remain as active and sentient as a sore tooth under the dentist's drill.

"Prince Pax" tells how the inventive and idealistic monarch of a small German principality tried to abolish war—not by consent, but by force. His army of "manikins," the terrific machinery of destruction at his disposal, made resistance impossible. He ruled the world with a rod of iron, and he certainly kept the peace. But he did not give satisfaction to his subjects, nor, ultimately, to himself. Mr. Viereck and Mr. Eldridge have given their imaginations free rein; but there is too much rhetoric and bombast in their story for it to take a high place among prophetic novels.

Miss Elizabeth Fagan is on safer ground. She writes about nineteenth-century Warwickshire—or, rather, it is not she who writes, but the house which Farmer Partridge, having risen in the world, bought to mark his improved fortunes. The house tells the story, rather in the manner of an old family servant, who knows what goes on behind the scenes and is an authority on births, marriages, and deaths. "Penny Got" is a family record extending over more than half a century. It has plenty of human interest to atone for its lack of literary distinction.

One has grown rather tired of Indian jewels and sinister natives ready to commit murder to get them back. "The Sapphire" is a new variation on an old theme; but even Mr. A. E. W. Mason's skill cannot bring it to life, and, as a matter of fact, his skill is less in evidence than usual.

"X v. Rex" has some original touches, notably in the chapter "Kaleidoscope." The mixed grill of topical news is entertaining, and to find the pieces which belong to the puzzle and fit them into place is an amusing task.

"Where Every Prospect Pleases" is a story of the familiar Riviera type, with drug addicts, a superlatively clever master criminal, a gang who dare not betray him, a lonely château with rooms full of obscene pictures, a heroine and a hero. Mr. Halkett has written a good story on the whole.



PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPTS TRAVELLING BY AIR TO GERMANY FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES: PART OF THE CHESTER BEATTY COLLECTION BEING LOADED ON TO AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MACHINE AT CROYDON.

The second portion of Mr. A. Chester Beatty's renowned collection of Western Manuscripts left Croydon on the night of March 29 for Munich, where they are to be exhibited before returning for the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 9. In our next issue there will be a page in colours of four exquisite illuminations from one of the Western Manuscripts.

is one that will not be readily forgotten.

"Bride of Quietness" is unusual too. We expect love in a Canadian shack to be a rough-and-ready affair, caveman stuff, with some hunting and trapping thrown in. Mr. Alexander Knox has treated it differently: with poetry and beauty and emotional restraint. Peter, the son of a lumberman who had prospered exceedingly and almost forgotten his humble origins, was, at the age of eighteen or so, sexually unawakened. Jean, the daughter of his father's old acquaintance in the wilds, was a revelation to him—a revelation that came very slowly. "Bride of Quietness" is really a short story expanded to the length of a novel; but one does not grudge Mr. Knox his descriptions of river and forest, nor his unhurried account of the gradual unfolding of passion between Jean and Peter. It is a simple, unforced story, told quietly and without fuss, and the reader is surprised to find, at the close, how deeply his hopes and fears have been engaged in the fate of the lovers.

Tasmania in the 'forties brings us back to civilisation. The family of Comyn, with their household of convict servants, had plenty of leisure to cultivate the graces of life. Society, and the conventions of society, were securely established;



PRESENTED BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY TO COMMEMORATE THE OPENING OF THE NEW WING BY HIS MAJESTY: A PORTRAIT OF MARGARET POLE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, PAINTED IN 1535.

His Majesty opened the new wing of the National Portrait Gallery on March 30, and, to commemorate the occasion, the National Art-Collections Fund, having acquired this picture from Messrs. Knoedler, presented it to the Gallery. The portrait is a rare example of the English School of painting contemporary with Holbein, but cannot be attributed to any definite name. Margaret Pole (1473-1541), like almost every male member of her family, met a violent death. She was the daughter of that Clarence who is said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine; and she herself was executed, by an unskilled executioner, within the precincts of the Tower.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Art-Collections Fund.

## A TAPESTRY PORTRAIT OF GREAT RARITY: FINE "PAINTING BY WEAVING."

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. JACQUES SELIGMANN AND CO., NEW YORK AND PARIS.



A GOBELIN OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS, MARIE CHAMPMESLÉ, FOR WHOM RACINE WROTE TRAGEDIES: REMARKABLE WORK BY JANS (DATED 1726); AFTER A CARTOON BY SANTERRE (1658—1717).

This particularly interesting tapestry portrait was shown in the recent "Three French Reigns" Exhibition, in Park Lane, to which it was lent by Messrs. Jacques Seligmann and Co., of New York and Paris. Sending us the photograph we reproduce, Messrs. Seligmann wrote: "It is a portrait of Mlle. Demarais, the famous French actress. This portrait was given to the Count de Saint-Yon, Director of the Gobelins Factory and first cousin of the late Count de Kersaint. The Count de Saint-Yon received it as a golden-wedding gift from the Manu-

factory of Gobelins. The cartoon of the tapestry, signed Santerre, is in the possession of the Duke de Marmier, whose wife was a de Kersaint. Count de Durfort has an engraving of this panel, and on the back of this is inscribed the history of the portrait as given. Height: 38½ inches by 35½." Marie Champmeslé (*née Desmarest*) was born in 1642 and died in 1698. Racine, with whom she was intimate, wrote some of his best tragedies for her. For many years she played the great tragic love parts at the Comédie Française.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## "FEEDING ON ONE'S OWN FAT": HIBERNATORS AND AESTIVATORS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

FOR mice and rats I have what I had almost called an "inherent" aversion. This would be inaccurate, since it did not possess me till I was about ten years old, when a boy, in "fun," threw a dead one at me, which landed between my collar and my neck. I cannot tell why, but from that moment

to monkeys, which have a diathesis for the formation of fat. This fact is not a little puzzling, since these are creatures of very different haunts and habits. Usually one associates the formation of fat with hibernating animals passing the long winter months in dreamless sleep. It is supposed to serve for warmth. It does; but it also serves as a very important reserve of food—hence the saying "feeding on one's own fat." Our dormouse affords a good example of this; for young born at the close of the breeding season emerge into the world so late that they are unable to form this reserve food-store, and consequently perish during the winter. The female polar bear passes the winter buried deep under the snow, which, melting round her body, forms a sort of snow hut. And here her cub is born. During all these months she is fasting, and for some time is feeding her youngster at the same time. Her only source of nourishment must be this store of fat. No wonder, by the time she emerges, with her offspring, into the world again, she is reduced to the condition of a mere bag of bones.

But somehow one does not commonly associate this accumulation of fat in the body with life in the Tropics. Yet this is the case with three different species of lemur (*Chirogaleus*) which aestivate; that is to say, they pass the hottest part of the year asleep. Before this deep sleep overtakes them, an immense accumulation of fat is formed, especially at the base of the tail. But what induces this period of suspended animation? For, living in the trees in a tropical country, one would have supposed that food was always within reach. And, moreover, no other members of the lemur tribe show any similar tendency to store fat. This fact, however, is in itself interesting, since it shows a delicate power of physiological responsiveness to meet a common need. That is to say, where long fasting periods have become necessary for survival—as during hibernation, or winter sleep, and aestivation, or summer sleep—the need of sustaining the body is met by storing "food," in the form of fat, in some part of the body, either over the whole body or in some special area, as in or around the base of the tail.

But here, again, we are faced with another puzzle. Why is it that the bats, which undergo long fasting

food-store in the shape of fat to draw upon. Some caterpillars, such as those of the Queen of Spain fritillary, are even more remarkable in this regard. Hatching out from the egg in July, they proceed immediately to devour the shell—or the greater part of it—from which they have just emerged. And, with no more to support them than this Spartan meal, they proceed at once to "hibernate"—in mid-July—and remain in a comatose condition till awakened by the warmth of the spring of the following year. This means a nine-months' fast after but one meal made off an egg-shell: surely this must be the most sustaining of all known food? What is it in this shell which contains so much nourishment? That these caterpillars have no reserve store of fat goes without saying.

But there are yet other puzzling features concerning this relationship between fat and fasting. Its relation to fasting, and its value in this regard, are attested by the camel. Here we have as good evidence concerning this relationship as we need. For we know that a camel in good fettle has a large hump—or humps—and we know that this is made up of fat. But during a long and arduous march across the desert that hump steadily grows less—its fat has been absorbed to supplement the shortage of the daily ration of food.

But what are we to say of the "hump" over the withers of the Indian ox, known as the zebu? This is a domesticated animal, and so far as I know, is never called on to endure a long fast. Again, there are certain breeds of domesticated sheep which accumulate an immense amount of fat on the rump, or in other races around the tail, which may come, at

last, to weigh as much as 50 pounds. It is so long and so heavy that it is often carried on a small tray mounted on wheels. Other ruminants, like the ox, and, indeed, other races of sheep, distribute their

surplus of fat, caused by what one may call "forced feeding," all over the body under the skin and between the muscles. The pig confines this deposit to a thick investment immediately under the body. Of how far this unnecessary fat could be made to serve as a reserve food-store we seem to have no record. No one, I think, could answer the question. Of two pigs, one very fat, the other very lean, which could survive the longest without food?

Finally we come to the whale tribe. These animals are notorious for the great thickness of "blubber" which surrounds the whole body. Here the fat, which is in a very fluid form contained within a meshwork of fibrous tissue, is confined to the outside of the body. In other animals it may form a great accumulation on what is known as the "omentum" or "caul" covering the intestines and between the muscles, but

this is never the case with the whale tribe. Here the fat probably serves mainly as an "overcoat" to keep out the cold. The amount, however, relatively to the size of the body, varies, since the hump-back whale carries more than any other species.



1. AN ACCUMULATION OF FAT WHICH, UNLIKE THAT OF THE DORMOUSE AND FAT-TAILED DESERT MOUSE (FIGS. 2 AND 3), SERVES NO APPARENT USEFUL PURPOSE: THE ZEBU, AN INDIAN BREED OF DOMESTICATED OX, WITH THE HUMP OF FAT FORMED ON ITS SHOULDERS WHICH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THESE ANIMALS WHEN IN "GOOD CONDITION."

these creatures, whether alive or dead, always perturb me, though I have from time to time made myself handle, and even dissect, them, lest the aversion should gain too deep a hold on me. Some men I know have an equal aversion to spiders, and in one case the poor man is almost rooted to the spot should he find himself near one. It is extremely hard to account for the revulsion towards different kinds of animals which one finds in talking to one's friends; and they, too, are quite unable to explain it. In all such cases it is well to take steps to keep these "pet aversions" under control, and this can be done by an effort of will. Without such effort, should a mouse run up one's trouser-leg or a spider fall on one's head, the nervous shock induced might be followed by serious consequences.

Practising what I preach, I went the other day to see the "fat-mouse" newly added to the collections at the "Zoo." But this, however, is not really a mouse, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph. It is, as a matter of fact, a very attractive-looking little beast of a pleasing isabelline hue, and, though a member of the mouse family (*Muridae*), it is placed with several other genera in a separate sub-family—the *Gerbillinae*. It is, in short, one of the many species of gerbils, some of which are African, while some are natives of the Indian region. The species here shown is the fat-tailed desert mouse (*Pachyuromys duprasi*), and its claim to special mention here is on account of the thick, "fleshy" tail, due to an accumulation of fat. Some might suppose that this is merely a "curious fact," but one of no particular interest. This, however, is very far from being the case. For when curiosity is allowed to pry a little further into the matter, some very interesting results follow.

For it leads to the reflection that a large number of animals display conspicuous deposits of fat in localised areas of the body. Among these rodents, for example, we find, besides the present species, representatives of three other genera, and, strangely enough, three species of lemur (*Chirogaleus*) allied



2. AN ANIMAL THAT ACCUMULATES FAT FOR ITS WINTER SLEEP: THE DORMOUSE, WHICH IS STILL COMMON IN FAVOURABLE SPOTS IN ENGLAND. The dormouse is said to be one of the profoundest sleepers among all hibernating animals. Another interesting fact, which has a bearing on the question of the accumulation of fat discussed here, is that young dormice born late in the season generally die because they have not had long enough to store up sufficient fat to last them through the period of the long winter sleep.

last, to weigh as much as 50 pounds. It is so long and so heavy that it is often carried on a small tray mounted on wheels. Other ruminants, like the ox, and, indeed, other races of sheep, distribute their



3. A LITTLE ANIMAL THAT ACCUMULATES FAT FOR ITS SUMMER SLEEP: THE FAT-TAILED DESERT MOUSE (*PACHYUROMYS DUPRASI*); SHOWING THE THICK, FLESHY TAIL WHICH FORMS A SOURCE OF NOURISHMENT IN THE ANIMAL'S PERIODS OF "AESTIVATION." Though called a mouse, the animal seen here is really not closely related to the true mice, but belongs to a distinct sub-family, containing the creatures known as "gerbils," most of which are natives of Africa. Its coloration is of the true desert type—sandy or "isabelline."—[Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.]

periods during the winter sleep, contrive to survive without, so far as is known, any special provision? There are certainly no ties of blood between bats and butterflies, yet they share this in common: that they both contrive to hibernate without any special

## DRUG-SMUGGLING TRICKS DETECTED: "DOPE" TRAFFIC AND EGYPT.



HASHISH CONCEALED IN AXLE-BOXES ON THE PALESTINE RAILWAY: LEFT—(BELOW) AN AXLE-BOX DETACHED AND OPENED; AND (ABOVE) A LUBRICATING PAD UNDERNEATH WHICH THE HASHISH WAS CONCEALED; CENTRE, A DIAGRAM OF HOW THE HASHISH WAS CONCEALED, SHOWING—(1) BOTTOM OF SPRING LUBRICATING PAD; (2) HASHISH WRAPPED IN RUBBER LYING UNDER SPRING; (3) OIL LEVEL IN BOX; (4) FRONT OF BOX; AND, RIGHT, A SUSPECTED AXLE-BOX.

An extraordinary case of smuggling on the Palestine Railways was discovered in the following manner: Two lubricating pads and frames were found on the side of the track in the Haifa Station yard. On enquiry, it was found that these had been removed from an Egyptian State Railway truck. No. 1 box was opened and appeared to be in order. No. 2 box was opened;

the spring pad was missing and wool waste had been put in its place: this packing was removed and two packets of hashish were found in the bottom of the oil well. All the boxes were then examined, and in each of them was found a packet of hashish hidden under the spring pad base. This case, it may be added, was not an isolated one.



HASHISH CONCEALED IN CAMEL SADDLES: A SUSPECTED SADDLE BEFORE THE POLICE DISCOVERED WHERE THE DRUG WAS CONCEALED.

The way in which a dangerously easy method of running drugs into Egypt was discovered is thus described in the C.N.I.B. report: ". . . A Frontiers Administration police patrol in North Sinai met a caravan of twelve camels entering Egyptian territory from Palestine. The patrol started to inspect the camels in the ordinary way to ensure that they were not carrying any contraband concealed in the loads: while doing so, the policeman noticed that one of the Arabs was carefully mixing up the camels that had been searched with the camels that had not, instead of keeping them apart as ordered. This



THE CAMEL SADDLE; SHOWING THE WOOD OF THE FRAME HOLLOWED OUT TO MAKE A SPACE IN WHICH MANY POUNDS OF HASHISH COULD BE CONCEALED BY PINNING OVER THE HOLLOW A THIN WOODEN LID.

roused the policeman's suspicions, so he isolated the Arabs from their camels and proceeded to inspect the camels again with greater care. His trained eye then noticed that the saddles were of unusual size and made of unusually big woods: a tap on these with his knuckles and the trick was discovered—three out of the twelve saddles had been carefully prepared by hollowing out the stout woods of the saddle frame, filling the space thus made with fourteen kilos of hashish, and closing it up again by pinning over it a thin wooden lid."



HEROIN CONCEALED IN A BRASS BEDSTEAD: THE BEDSTEAD BEFORE EXAMINATION (ABOVE); AND THE SPACES IN WHICH THE DRUG WAS CONCEALED.

Dimitri Leboutis was big drug-trafficker considered by "the trade" to be practically immune from retribution. His house was raided, however, and when it was searched, twelve sachets of a special kind of paper destined to contain heroin were found hidden in one of the columns of a brass bedstead. Later on, a more careful examination revealed traces of white powder in three of the knobs, as well as some brown powder. All this powder gave a heroin reaction.

On several occasions—notably in our issue of March 5, 1932, when we published an article and photographs—we have dealt with the smuggling of pernicious drugs into Egypt, and with the efforts of the Egyptian Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau, under its director, Russell Pasha, to stamp out this deadly traffic. Here we illustrate certain further devices that have been used by the

TWENTY-FIVE KILOGRAMMES OF HASHISH HIDDEN IN PETROL TINS IN A CONSIGNMENT OF OLIVES WHICH REACHED PORT SAID BY RAIL FROM HAIFA.

"In June 1932," runs the statement in the report, "a message was received by the Port Said Police to the effect that eight cases of olives had that morning arrived at the Port Said Customs by railway from Haifa, marked 1 to 8 M.T., and that No. 4 case contained two petrol tins of hashish. The consignment of 'olives' was duly located and No. 4 case was found to contain two petrol tins, in each of which was a quantity of hashish weighing in all exactly 25 kilograms. A process-verbal was drawn up against person or persons unknown."

drug-traffickers in the course of the last year: their ingenuity bears witness to the increasing difficulties experienced by smugglers in eluding official vigilance. During 1932 Turkey closed down the drug factories on the Bosphorus and limited the cultivation of opium, and this was an important step towards the final solution of the drug-traffic problem.



HEROIN CONCEALED IN THE SOLES AND HEELS OF BOOTS: A PAIR AFTER THEY HAD BEEN RIPPED OPEN; SHOWING THE HOLLOW SPACES.

Information having been received that drugs were smuggled hidden in the soles of boots of ships' personnel, a watch was kept and a member of the crew of a Roumanian steam-ship arrested. Search being made, his shoes were found to conceal—in the soles and heels—320 grammes of heroin. A passenger on the same ship was also searched. The Chief of the detective section noticed that the soles of his shoes were higher than usual. They contained heroin.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS week, with a set of books before me concerning writers past and present, I can suitably begin with "THE HUMAN APPROACH TO LITERATURE." By William Freeman (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 6s.). This is a blend of anthology and dramatised biography—a kind of literary "Cavalcade"—the latter element predominating. The author, who is both novelist and lecturer, has had the happy idea of applying his creative talent to the purposes of instruction, or, rather, of kindling enthusiasm for the personal side of literary history. The order of scenes is chronological, and each is followed by a few extracts or poems from the writers presented, with a brief list of books likely to help the inquiring reader in further study. Mr. Freeman gives a round dozen of such episodes, ranging in date from the fourteenth to the end of the nineteenth century. Thus, in various settings, we meet groups of contemporaries in which the leading characters are, respectively, Chaucer; Shakespeare; Spenser; Milton (with Defoe and Pepys); Pope and Swift; Dr. Johnson; Wordsworth and Coleridge; Lamb; the "splendid exiles"—Byron, Shelley, and Keats; the Carlyles; Dickens; and Swinburne. As an appetiser to stimulate a taste for literary biography, in relation to historical events and conditions, the whole thing seems to me to be very well done.

Since it is naturally easier to devise colloquies and scenes in a recent period than in the remote past, the book tends to improve as it proceeds, and perhaps the best scene is the last—an amusing glimpse of Swinburne playing truant from the tutelage of Watts-Dunton. This incident touches a memory of my own, for as a boy

visiting at Putney I often passed Swinburne out for his daily constitutional—"a little prim man [as Mr. Freeman describes him], with a mane of hair which had once been red but was now turning grey, a high forehead, and a chin whose weakness was emphasized by a slight beard." I had not then read "Poems and Ballads," or I might have tried to scrape acquaintance with him in a certain bar on Putney Hill where, I believe, he was wont to resort for a modest quencher. I did, indeed, at a later date, enter the portals of "No. 2, the Pines," and had an interview with "his genial gaoler," but, sad to say, it related to a journalistic request for a memorial portrait, as Swinburne was lying dead upstairs.

The scarcity of authentic *personalia* in earlier periods is typified in a new memoir of practically the only front-rank writer whom Mr. Freeman has ignored—namely, "DRYDEN." By Christopher Hollis, author of "Erasmus." With Frontispiece Portrait (Duckworth; 10s.). Mr. Freeman's omission may be symptomatic of a general tendency to neglect Dryden, perhaps because his work is too full of topical allusions, and the average modern reader is not strong on political history. There are signs, however, of a Dryden revival, and Mr. Hollis re-states his claims to greatness in a very able and entertaining book, which will win him many new admirers.

Asking myself how it was that I had read so little of Dryden, I took down my copy of his works, and saw that it is in atrociously small print. That must be held to account for the uncut pages! Anyhow, I cannot pretend to have hitherto been a Dryden "fan," though I might well have become one, some years ago, on making the acquaintance of a descendant and namesake of his, who, by the way, bore a rather striking facial resemblance to his ancestor as portrayed here in the frontispiece. The painter's name is not stated under the reproduction, but there is a reference later in the book to Dryden's "two artist friends, Closterman and Godfrey Kneller."

Although Dryden could write an immortal "Ode to Music," I do not think he could have produced both "Words and Music" of a play, as does the brilliant modern dramatist whose life is sketched in "THE AMAZING MR. NOEL COWARD." By Patrick Braybrooke, author of "The Genius of George Bernard Shaw" and "J. M. Barrie." With eight illustrations (Denis Archer; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Coward, who is himself a master of the episodic in drama, belongs to an age that finds many "human approaches" to men of genius, and the literary historian of the future, in portraying him, will probably not need to draw on his invention. The present volume, which gives a lively and anecdotal outline of Mr. Coward's career up to date, contains some good material, and the future may be expected to provide more, for Mr. Coward is still in his early thirties.

Even more intimate glimpses into the private lives of certain modern authors are to be found in "REMINISCENCES

OF D. H. LAWRENCE." By John Middleton Murry (Cape; 7s. 6d.). This book is, both in inception and purpose, highly controversial. I do not wish to enter into the controversy, but some indication of its nature as explained in Mr. Murry's preface is due to the reader. The reminiscences are printed word for word as they originally appeared in the "Adelphi." The reason for reprinting them is that, together with his book, "Son of Woman" (to quote Mr. Murry), "they form the basis of a sustained attack upon me which is an integral part of an otherwise valuable book concerning Lawrence . . . I am compelled to refute the unfounded charges made against me by placing the necessary documents before the public." Besides the reminiscences, the volume contains notes upon them, forming further polemical chapters, with extracts from Lawrence's letters, and all Mr. Murry's published reviews of Lawrence's books during the latter's lifetime. Quarrels among literary folk are apt to develop too many of the finer shades of supersensitiveness and egotism to hold the attention of the average reader, but, to all those interested in Lawrence's work and his personal circle, this book will be indispensable for a full knowledge and understanding of the man.

There could hardly be a stronger contrast in mentality than that between the last-named book and "ROBERT SMITH SURTEES": A Critical Study. By Frederick Watson. With six illustrations, including two in Colour (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). The author brings to his task a practical knowledge of the hunting-field, while his previous books, "Hunting Pie" and "In the Pink," attest his literary ability. Surtees is presented as something

best in a subject peculiarly his own. By pen as well as pencil, he sets forth the cunning and resourcefulness of "Master Charles." Discussing the proportion of "kills" to "finds" in an average season, he says: "I collated the hunting reports in the *Times* for thirty days, which yielded 460 hunting days; 1116 foxes were hunted and 202 killed. This means that only 18 per cent. were killed and that the betting was about 5 to 1 on the fox."

I once heard the late Mr. John Lane remark that there was room for a comprehensive history of British publishing. An important contribution thereto is a book in which students of Victorian letters will discover a mine of interest—"AT JOHN MURRAY'S": Records of a Literary Circle, 1843-1892. By George Paston. With Preface by Lord Ernle; and sixteen Portraits (John Murray; 15s.). The famous firm has had a succession of five chiefs of the same name, and it is the third of the dynasty—John Murray III.—with which this delightful volume is concerned. In its pages we meet many of the most eminent people of the day—literary and otherwise—including Darwin, Livingstone, Layard, Gladstone, George Borrow, Tom Moore, Dean Stanley, and Bishop Wilberforce. Particularly interesting is the account of the publication of "The Origin of Species," with Darwin's comments on the Bishop's review. In his book Darwin was "very guarded in his application of his theories to man," but we learn that in a private letter to Lyell he wrote: "Our ancestor was an animal that breathed water, had a swim bladder, a great swimming tail, an imperfect skull, and was undoubtedly an hermaphrodite!"

John Murray III. was one of the pioneers of popular series of books at moderate prices. Murray's Handbooks, of course, had an immense vogue among the travelling public, and during "the boom in railways" he started a Library of Railway Readings. Incidentally, it brought him into touch with the author of "Handley Cross," for Mr. Paston has unearthed "a letter with the cheery signature of R. S. Surtees, who has noticed that Mr. Murray is going to introduce the Chase into the Literature of the Rail, and writes to ask him if he will give Old Jorrocks a thought for the same series." Apparently the suggestion was not accepted, as in the Surtees bibliography given in Mr. Watson's book there is no mention of any work published by Murray.

With the John Murrays of Albemarle Street may be compared another famous dynasty—that of the John Walters of Printing House Square, whose deeds are written in the chronicles of "THE TIMES": PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE." With twelve illustrations (The Times; 2s.). Here we have a compact outline of the great newspaper's history, from its foundation by John

Walter I. in 1785, through the successive periods of John Walter II. and Thomas Barnes, Delane, and Lord Northcliffe, down to the present day. Every field of its activity is covered, and the book is finely printed in the "new Roman" type.

Other noteworthy books of literary interest, biographical or critical, are "THE LOVE-LETTERS OF WALTER BAGEHOT" and "ELIZA WILSON": 10 Nov., 1857, to 23 April, 1858. Edited by their Sister, Mrs. Russell Barrington. With Portraits (Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.); and "THE CASE FOR TRAGEDY." Being a Challenge to



"A THREAT OF BOMBING FROM THE AIR" EFFECTIVE ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER (AS IN KURDISTAN—SEE OPPOSITE PAGE): A LASHKAR OF MAHSUD TRIBESMEN WHO HAD ATTACKED AN AFGHAN FORT RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES THROUGH MIRANSHAH IN THE TOCHI VALLEY.



A WARNING OF ACTION TO RECALCITRANT TRIBESMEN ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: THE BRITISH RESIDENT IN WAZIRISTAN HOLDING A JIRGA (TRIBAL COUNCIL) WITH THE MALIKS OF THE MADDĀ KHEL WAZIRS IN WUZHGAI.

These photographs, just to hand from the North-West Frontier of India, may be compared with the drawing opposite, in that they likewise demonstrate the efficacy of warnings of air action against recalcitrant tribes. The photographs relate to recent events in Waziristan, in connection with an attack on the Afghan fort at Matun by Wazir and Mahsud tribes. Our correspondent who sends them, writing on March 14, says: "A cordon of troops was formed to prevent more Wazirs and Mahsuds from crossing into Afghanistan, with the result that, after a threat of bombing from the air, the tribesmen returned to their homes. The Resident in Waziristan held a *jirga* (tribal council) with the Maliks of the Madda Khel Wazirs in Wuzhgai, to warn them of action in the event of their harbouring the 'Malangs' who had led the tribal *lashkars* into Afghanistan." A "Times" message of March 16, from Peshawar, stated: "The hostile *lashkar* which has been causing trouble in the Khost, Afghanistan, began to disperse on the night of March 11. Nearly 4000 Wazirs had returned to their tribal territory by March 13. The 'Crazy Fakir's' party is again in hiding in the hills."

more than a mere sporting scribbler. "He was a creator of comic characters," we read; "and he wrote with an infectious enthusiasm which is so rare that it has gone far to give him a special niche in English literature. . . . He was intensely *national*. Few novelists—unless it be Trollope or Kingsley—have been so representative of the English temperament." Among his bygone admirers were William Morris, who preferred him to Dickens for comic creation, Lord Rosebery, and Theodore Roosevelt.

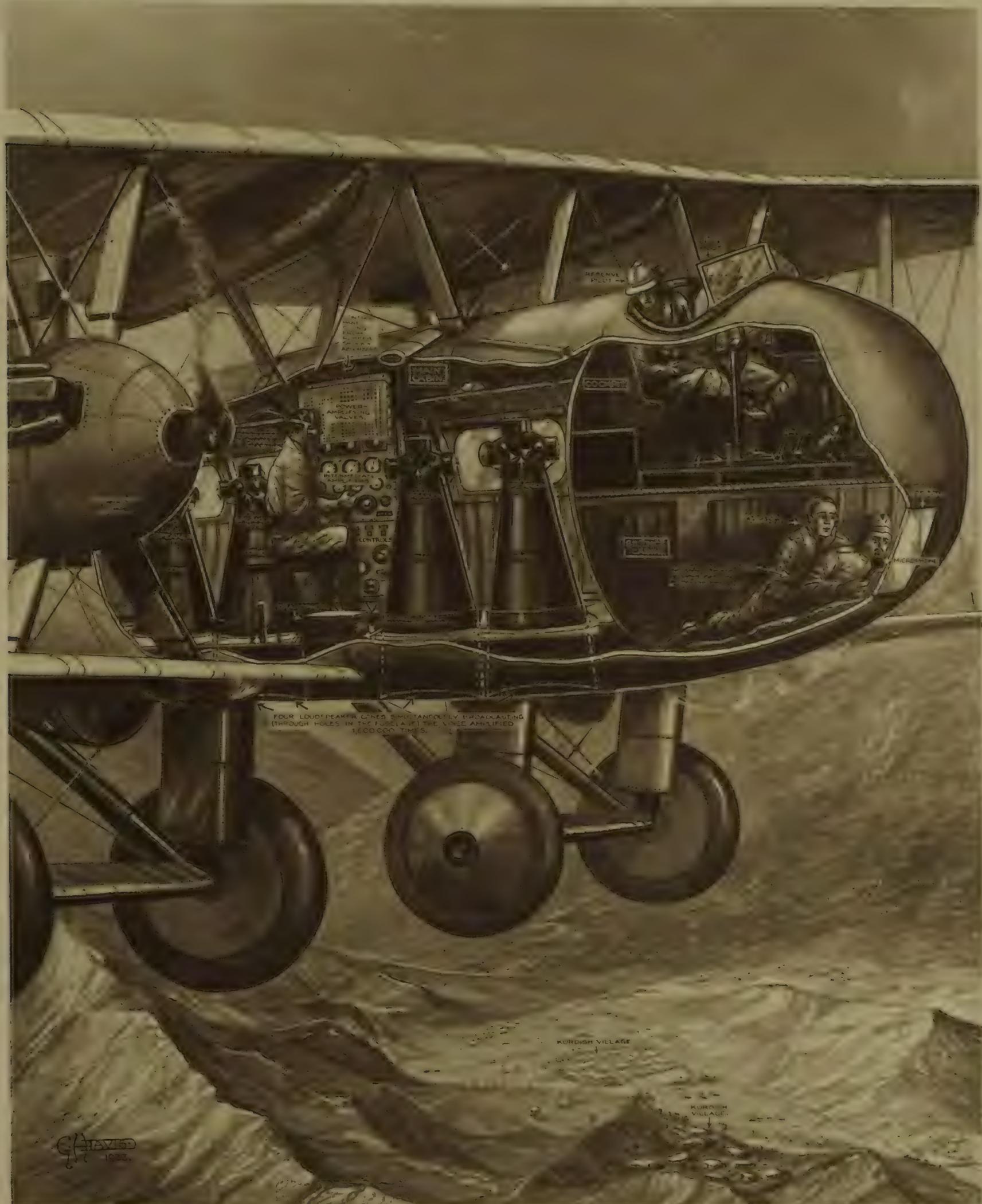
All readers of Mr. Watson's work will rejoice in a new book of drawings, with running commentary, by a brilliant sporting artist—"THE WILES OF THE FOX": Some Notes and Sketches. By Lionel Edwards, R.I. (Medici Society and The Sporting Gallery; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Edwards, whose work is familiar to our readers, is here seen at his

Those Who Deny the Possibility of a Tragic Spirit in the Modern World. By Mark Harris (Putnam; 12s. 6d.). To their excellent series of short memoirs (at 2s. each), under the general title of Great Lives, Messrs. Duckworth have added "SHAKESPEARE." By John Drinkwater; "DICKENS." By Bernard Darwin; "THE BRONTËS." By Irene Cooper Willis; and "GEORGE ELIOT." By Anne Fremantle. Besides these literary lives, we have in the same series one of an artist—"JOSHUA REYNOLDS." By John Steegman; one of a divine—"WESLEY." By Bonamy Dobrée; one of a statesman—"GLADSTONE." By Francis Birrell; and two of royalty—"QUEEN VICTORIA." By Arthur Ponsonby (Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede); and "CHARLES II." By John Hayward. These admirable little books are well designed to stimulate the reading of biography.

C. E. B.

## AIR WARFARE BY LOUD-SPEAKER: COWING REBELS BY VERBAL "BOMBS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.



## WARNINGS FROM THE AIR DELIVERED BY A VOICE AMPLIFIED 1,600,000 TIMES: A SUBSTITUTE FOR HIGH EXPLOSIVE WHICH HAS CAUSED HUNDREDS OF KURDISH TRIBESMEN TO SURRENDER.

Sir Philip Sassoon, speaking in the House of Commons on the Air Estimates last month, mentioned in the course of his speech that proclamations calling upon rebel tribesmen to surrender and giving them notice that air action would otherwise be taken against them had been successfully broadcast, in the vernacular, from troop-carrying aircraft. This method of warning rebel villages was very successfully used in the operations against the rebel Sheikhs Mahmud and Ahmed, and had a good deal to do with the collapse of this rebellion in Northern Kurdistan. Difficulty was experienced in obtaining an announcer who knew the dialect and would not be air-sick. Eventually a native policeman was found who performed his duties excellently. Broadcasting in a voice amplified over a million-and-a-half times, he was flown several times over each

village and gave out orders of which this is an example: "In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful, O people of Aigosh, Mawata and Banan. We know that the Mullah Isa is near your villages and that you are helping him. Leave your villages at once and make 'dakhalat' (surrender) at Diri. If you do not do so we shall bomb your villages after three days." The aircraft employed is a Vickers "Victoria" with Napier engines, and broadcasting is carried out from a height of between 2500 and 4000 feet. This method of warning the tribesmen has undoubtedly saved hundreds of lives. The gramophone seen in the aeroplane, it should be explained, is for broadcasting warning "records" made on the ground, and can be used when an appropriate "announcer" is unavailable.

# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "CYNARA."

M R. RONALD COLMAN'S new vehicle, an adaptation of the well-known stage-play, "Cynara," is an interesting example of the film-director's power to make or mar a piece of work by his individual approach to his subject-matter. By this I do not mean to say that the picture at the Carlton is a bungled affair, or that its "star" will disappoint his numerous admirers. On the contrary. The production is smooth and polished, pictorially pleasant to the eye. Mr. Colman's easy, unaffected charm of manner is well attuned to the note of restraint in the dialogue, the scrupulous avoidance of anything approaching exhibitionism. Apart from the fact that he has had to sacrifice his delightfully quiet sense of humour, it would be difficult to find fault with his study of a character inspired, we are asked to believe, by Ernest Dowson's famous line: "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, after my fashion." Actually, the spirit of the poem is far removed from the one backsliding, dictated by circumstances rather than by temperamental inclination, that forms the pivot of the drama. That, however, is neither here nor there. The crux of the matter, as I see it, is that this particular play needed a more intimate touch than Mr. Vidor's to bring it to life on the screen. Mr. Vidor is more at home on bigger canvases. He can pick out the salient points of his *dramatis personae* swiftly and trenchantly against the warm, bold colours of a crowded background. He did so in "The Crowd," and again, triumphantly, in

near, but never quite, to the truth, so does the drama hover on the outskirts of genuine emotion. Within its curiously blunted lines, Miss Kay Francis as the wife moves graciously, and with her own tremulous tenderness suggests a deeper feeling; whilst Miss Phyllis Barry brings a refreshing candour to the part of her weak yet formidable rival.

## AN ADDITION TO LONDON'S NEWS THEATRES.

If "Cynara" sets a fashion in quoting the poetic source of its inspiration, the kinema in Coventry Street, for so many years a home of foreign films, might have found an apt quotation to explain its change of policy. It must, in fact, have taken a large measure of self-control on the part of the management not to have given its public the cue with Shylock's words: "What news on the Rialto?" Discarding the Immortal Bard as a prophet, however, the preliminary announcement merely states that "the Rialto, opening as 'News Reel Theatre,' will live up to its name by showing all the news reels—five in all; so that, no matter what important event takes place, it will be shown immediately at this theatre"—and wisely leaves the further abuse of Shakespeare's well-worn line to its patrons. This addition to the existing news theatres is further proof that the general interest in pictorial chronicle is steadily spreading, and with Universal, Paramount, Gaumont, Pathé, and British Movietone to draw upon, the Rialto should be able to keep right on the heels of current happenings. The peculiar problem of all news-reel theatres seems to me to lie in the fact that not every week can be expected to supply "important events" that are as cinematic as they are momentous. Certainly the Grand

National obligingly coincided with the Rialto's inaugural programme, and is an exceptionally satisfying bit of camera recording. But I do not feel that a close-up of President Roosevelt delivering a message to his people adds anything to the illumination of a national situation that cannot be gained from the perusal of a newspaper. Nor am I persuaded that any woman could be guided in her choice of a new spring hat by the extremely self-conscious young ladies gyrating in the "latest from Paris" on the screen. I realise the enormous difficulty of compiling this kind of programme, and it would be, I think, very valuable to the management to discover what the majority of their patrons do demand, and to recognise the growing importance of the news reel,

together with the "short," by collecting a consensus of public opinion in the kinemas devoted to this form of entertainment.

## "F.P.I."

The new Ufa production, directed by Herr Karl Hartl under the supervision of Herr Erich Pommer, is one of those films that base their appeal on technical and mechanical difficulties deliberately created and brilliantly surmounted. The Wellsian idea of an artificial island—



"ORDERS ARE ORDERS," THE GAUMONT-BRITISH FILM WHICH IS BASED ON THE WELL-KNOWN PLAY OF THE SAME NAME: SOME OF THE FIVE HUNDRED UNEMPLOYED MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH LEGION WHO "PARADED" AS "SUPERS" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S HEADQUARTERS, CHELSEA, TO BE FILMED.

"Orders Are Orders" is still in course of preparation. Our photograph shows Cyril Maude, (in uniform); in centre foreground) as the Colonel in command of the barracks, and (extreme right; with sword) Ian Hunter as Captain Harper, the Adjutant.

or, rather, a floating platform—anchored in mid-Atlantic as a half-way landing-ground for aircraft, involved a tremendous amount of preliminary work. The question arises whether this expenditure of money and labour finds its justification in the picture, taken as a whole. Certainly the realisation of a young inventor's daring scheme, both in the impressionistic suggestion of construction pushed forward at fever-heat, and the triumph of achievement, quickens the pulses with all the excitement of a colossal feat of engineering carried to success. But this flight of imagination comes to earth in a conventional story of rivalry between two fast friends, an engineer and a famous airman. Both fall in love with the girl whose enthusiasm makes the building of Platform I. possible. The inevitable solution, the older man's sacrifice when the platform is imperilled by sabotage, is easily foreseen. Herein lies the weakness of the film. Its romance has neither the originality nor the vitality to stand up to the realism of a mass of wood and metal. An excellent company has been brought together for the English version of "F.P.I." Fine actors such as Mr. Nicholas Hannon, Mr. Francis Sullivan, and Mr. Warwick Ward fill in odd corners of the melodrama with sound if inconspicuous work. Mr. George Merritt fares better as the burly agent of some vaguely inimical power; and Mr. Donald Calthrop, a persistent press-photographer, dogs the heels of the action with amusing tenacity. Miss Jill Esmond endows the heroine with intelligence and energy, adding a welcome liveliness to a stock-in-trade character. Mr. Leslie Fenton plays the engineer-inventor with a quiet sincerity (and an American accent!), though he scarcely suggests the man of epoch-making vision. Finally, Mr. Conrad Veidt lends the full force of his personality to the part of the flyer. He has little opportunity for subtleties, but he brings to the screen a magnetic quality that gives colour even to the commonplace.



"MEN MUST FIGHT," THE FILM WHICH SHOWS THE U.S.A. IN 1940, AND NEW YORK IN AN AIR RAID: DIANA WYNYARD AS LAURA (CENTRE); WITH LEWIS STONE AS SEWARD, HER HUSBAND, AND PHILLIPS HOLMES AS HER SON BY A FORMER UNION.

"Men Must Fight" shows the U.S.A. as they may be in 1940; and what the next war may be like. The picture turns round Laura Madison (Diana Wynyard), who loses her sweetheart in one war and does her best to prevent her son from being forced to take up arms in another. An air attack on New York is seen; with the destruction of the Empire State Building, Brooklyn Bridge, and other famous structures. The film began a run at the Empire Theatre on March 31.

"THE KING'S VACATION": GEORGE ARLISS AS PHILIP, SOMETIME KING; AND QUEEN WILHELMINA (MRS. ARLISS).

The plot of "The King's Vacation," which was due for presentation at the Regal on April 7, turns round the case of Prince Philip (elevated unexpectedly to the throne and then faced, as suddenly, with a revolution), who has to choose between life with the snobbish woman of the people who was his first wife, and life with his simple-minded Queen, whom he married purely for reasons of state, but afterwards came to love.

"Hallelujah." But here was drama that swept along urgently, surging forward with a certain vehemence and a corresponding attack on our complacency.

"Cynara" is a very different proposition. Its dramatic conflict proceeds by inches. A rising young barrister is so single-minded in his devotion to his beautiful wife that his friend and doubtful mentor, apparently deplored the effects on a legal mind of experience less rich and varied than his own, takes it upon himself to open up a path to amorous adventure. The barrister embarks upon it reluctantly, pursues it almost in pity for the little girl so obviously in love with him, and encounters tragedy at the end of it—the death of the girl on his conscience, a wrecked career, his home life shattered. Yet actually his love for his wife has never been assailed. A final reconciliation between the two provides a "happy ending" on the screen that can be accepted without too much protest. But Mr. Vidor's self-imposed sourline has muted all the delicate strings of the drama to something less than reality. His restraint is too obvious. He seems afraid to let himself go, afraid to shock our serenity. We hear a good deal about "modern evasions" these days. The result may be—is, in this case—a glibness, an understatement, that is as far removed from life as the methods of a more expansive period. Just as his settings, ranging from Naples to London and rural England, come somewhere



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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:  
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MR. F. L. PEARS—KIDNAPPED BY CHINESE PIRATES; THEN RELEASED WITH A DEMAND FOR RANSOM.

Four British officers were kidnapped from the steamer "Nanchang," by Chinese pirates, outside Newchwang Bar. They were A. D. Blue, of Glasgow; F. L. Pears, of Newcastle; Clifford Johnson, from North Wales; and W. E. Hargrave, of Ripon, Yorkshire. A British gun-boat, H.M.S. "Cornflower," joined in the chase for the pirates. On April 3 the pirates decided to employ Mr. F. L. Pears as an emissary. He arrived in Mukden at noon with a letter containing fantastic demands.

MR. W. E. HARGRAVE, OF THE "NANCHANG"; KIDNAPPED WITH OTHER OFFICERS OFF NEWCHWANG.



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON SOCIAL SERVICE IN SCOTLAND: H.R.H. (CENTRE) WITH LORD AND LADY ELGIN, HIS HOST AND HOSTESS, AT BROOMHALL.

The photograph here reproduced is of particular interest in connection with our series of pictures and articles illustrating the Prince of Wales's tour in Scotland (illustrated on another page) and the unemployment relief work which he has done so much to foster. The plans for the Prince's visit were largely made by the Scottish Council for Community Service During Unemployment, and the chairman of the Council, Lord Elgin, acted as the Prince's host during part of his itinerary. In the photograph are seen (back row, l. to r.): Miss Rodgers, Rear-Admiral Leveson-Gower, Sir James Lithgow, Colonel D. Bruce, Lady Colquhoun, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Captain Wemyss, Captain Ellis; (seated) Sir Ian Colquhoun, Hon. Mrs. Bruce, Lady Elgin, the Prince of Wales, Lord Elgin (with Lady Alison Bruce on his knee), Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, Lady Victoria Wemyss; and (on ground) Lord Bruce, Hon. James Bruce, Lady Martha and Lady Jean Bruce.



MR. A. D. BLUE.

The captured second engineer of the "Nanchang." The Marine Engineers' Association, of which he is a member, made representations to the Foreign Office with regard to the menace of Chinese piracy.



THE GERMAN NAVAL AND MILITARY ATTACHEES: BARON VON SCHWAPPENBURG (LEFT), WITH HIS WIFE, AND CAPT. WASSNER, WITH FRAU WASSNER, ARRIVE IN LONDON.

The first naval and military attachés to the German Embassy in London since the war arrived in England on April 1. They were Captain E. Wassner, one of the most famous U-boat commanders during the war, who is the Naval Attaché, and Colonel Baron Geyr von Schwappenburg, the Military Attaché. They travelled in the German liner "Europa" to Southampton, and arrived at Waterloo, each accompanied by his wife. Captain Wassner was at one time in command of the submarine flotilla at Zeebrugge.



MR. ALBERT VOSS.

One of the fifteen people who lost their lives in the "City of Liverpool" disaster. Was a dentist of Manchester; aged sixty-nine. The burial of his body was stopped on April 2, it having been decided to hold an inquest.



MR. DANIEL RADCLIFFE.

Senior partner of the Cardiff shipping firm of Evan Thomas, Radcliffe and Co. Died March 29; aged seventy-three. Bequeathed £50,000 to the University of Wales. Vice-President, Council of Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.



THE DEATH OF A CRICKETER AND STATESMAN: THE JAM SAHIB OF NAWANAGAR ("RANJI").

One of the most influential of the Ruling Princes of India, and, in his youth (as "RANJI"), one of the greatest batsmen of all time, the Maharajah of Nawanagar died at Jamnagar on April 2, aged sixty. He was elected last year Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, and was so until a few days ago.



MR. J. M. DENWOOD.

Author of "Red Ike." Died at Cocker-mouth on March 30; aged sixty-three. Was butcher's boy, tailor's apprentice, and poacher. "Red Ike," written long ago, was printed in 1929, but the author's great success came too late.



MR. H. MAINWARING.

The new Labour Member for East Rhondda in the by-election caused by the death of Lieut-Colonel D. Watts-Morgan. Had a majority of 2899 over the Communist candidate. Polling took place on March 28.



SIR JOHN SIMPSON.

Died March 30; aged seventy-four. An architect best known for his work for the Wembley Exhibition—the designing of the Stadium and the Palaces of Industry and Engineering. President of the R.I.B.A. 1919-21.



MR. L. C. H. PALAIRET.

A great batsman of the old school, notable especially for the beauty of his style. Played twice for England against Australia in 1902, and was for many years a mainstay of the Somerset team. Died March 27; aged sixty-two.



A FORMER VICEROY OF INDIA: THE LATE LORD CHELMSFORD.

After a life of which the greater part was devoted to public service, Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India from 1916 to 1921, died suddenly on April 2, aged sixty-four. Part-author of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. Governor of Queensland 1905-9; of New South Wales, 1909-13; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1924.



"GARDENS FROM GREAT PLAYS" AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: A GARDEN INSPIRED BY A SCENE FROM



A WAXEN LADY IN HER BATH, UNDER THE ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT OF A NERON

VITA-LUX LAMP.

Of all the various forms of ideal homes which are dreamed about, perhaps the all-electric home makes the strongest appeal to the imagination. To-day such a home is a practical possibility, as is strongly demonstrated at Olympia. Electricity can do almost everything in the house. It can light, even in the dark days of winter, and after sundown, provide us with artificial sunlight so that we can enjoy it at our own convenience and leisure.



A JAPANESE GARDEN INSPIRED BY THE PLAY "THE DARLING OF THE GODS": A CHARMING, INFORMAL CORNER BRIGHT WITH ORNAMENTAL CHERRIES, CRABS, RHODODENDRONS, AND THE LIKE.

## GARDENS FROM PLAYS; COMMON-SENSE KITCHENS THE MODEL FARM: THE MANY-SIDED "IDEAL HOME" EXHIBITION



A GARDEN INSPIRED BY THE FAMOUS MUSICAL COMEDY FORMS THE "LILAC TIME": LOOKING UP THE PERGOLA W  
ENTRANCE



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A GARDEN INSPIRED BY SCENES FROM "PETER PAN" (Continued from page 10)



THE GARDEN INSPIRED BY "LILAC TIME": LOOKING ACROSS TO THE TAVERN, SET AMONG MAGNIFICENT FLOWERING

SHRUBS, FRUIT TREES, AND LILACS.

This exhibit may be said to be unique in showing the artistic effect that can be obtained in a small area; though one can easily visualize extensions which could be made in a larger space. The entrance to the garden is through a pergola leading to the courtyard of the tavern, and to the flower border adjoining it. The garden is enclosed by a low wall, and is exactly 60 feet square. The pergola is furnished with fine examples of clematis and other hardy climbing plants, showing the pretty effect that can be obtained with the flowers of the garden. "Lilac Time," naturally brings lilacs to mind; and lilacs are here in profusion. Azaleas, wistarias, flowering cherries and almonds are some of the natural plants in this garden. This exhibit is the work of L. R. Russell, Ltd., of Richmond, Surrey.



view; together with an Aberdeen Angus cow and calf.

THE "LUXURY KITCHEN"—ONE OF THE "COMMON-SENSE KITCHENS" WHICH FORM A FEATURE OF THE EXHIBITION.

The luxury kitchen seen here is one of the "common-sense kitchens" which constitute such a striking feature of the exhibition. Under the top surface are two double sinks and draining boards, constructed entirely from monolithic stone. The furniture is in chromium steel, the actual table-top being of armoured plate glass. Cupboards in a white cellulose finish are mounted on the left and right, and the floor is covered with a light-colored linoleum.



A GARDEN INSPIRED BY A SCENE FROM "THE SEEKERS," THE PLAY BY PERCY ALLEN: A RESTFUL OUTLOOK OVER

A GARDEN INSPIRED BY A SCENE IN "THE SEVEN", A RESTFUL OUTLOOK OVER AN ARTIFICIAL WATER, AND RUSTIC STONE-WORK.

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: HOME NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A CORNISH PROMONTORY, PRESENTED TO THE NATION: TREEN CASTLE (IN THE BACKGROUND); WITH THE LOGAN ROCK VISIBLE ON THE CENTRAL HEIGHT.

It was announced on March 30 that Colonel Sir Courtenay Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, Cornwall, has presented to the nation, through the National Trust, the promontory known as Treen Castle, with its adjoining land—a wild and fascinating piece of country on the coast to the west of Mount's Bay, Cornwall. The gift includes the famous 66-ton mass of granite called the Logan, or Rocking, Stone, which can be moved and rocked by one hand. It is very hard, however, to



THE LOGAN ROCK, WHICH, THOUGH IT WEIGHS 66 TONS, CAN BE MOVED AND ROCKED BY A CHILD: A GIFT TO THE NATION FROM SIR COURTEENAY VYVYAN.

shift the rock from its base. The feat was performed once, in 1824, by a Lieut. Goldsmith, R.N., who, with the help of a boat's crew, managed to roll the stone away. It cost him £2000 to replace it, since special machinery had to be made for the purpose. Treen Castle is a very fine example of the fortified headlands which seem to have been used as sanctuaries or fortresses by the ancient inhabitants of the country. It is isolated by a triple entrenchment of earth and stones.



A GIANT CROSS BEING ERECTED TO MARK THE SITE OF THE PROJECTED GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL.

A teak cross, thirty-five feet high, made from timber of the old battle-ship "Ganges," was recently erected at Stag Hill, Guildford, to mark the site of the proposed new Guildford Cathedral. The cross is to be unveiled by the Bishop of Guildford on April 19. The winning design for the cathedral was Mr. Edward Maufe's.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A VENETIAN GLASS GOBLET.

This goblet is an early example, dating from about 1500, of the famous glass made at the island of Murano, near Venice. The Venetian glass-making industry had existed for some centuries before the discovery, during the fifteenth century, of a clear colourless glass called *Cristallo*.



"ROBOT" TRAFFIC CONTROL IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER INAUGURATING THE SYSTEM.

Very elaborate mechanical control of traffic was started in Trafalgar Square on April 3. The Mayor of Westminster, the Rev. E. St. George Schomberg, set the new light signals in motion. The new system, though very complicated in its operation, is perfectly simple for drivers. It is far cheaper to run than police control, and prevents the necessity of increasing the police force to deal with traffic.



A FIRE AT AYSGARTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL, WHERE MUCH OF THE BUILDING WAS DESTROYED: BOYS AMONG A JUMBLE OF THEIR POSSESSIONS SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

At about 10 o'clock on the morning of March 30, fire broke out at Aysgarth School, Newton-le-Willows, Yorkshire. Since lessons were proceeding at the time, it was easy to march the pupils out of the building as soon as the alarm was given. Nobody was injured, most of the school furniture and documents, and almost all the boys' belongings were saved; but, the outbreak having originated above the maids' quarters, the domestic staff lost the greater part of their effects.



THE KING AND QUEEN AFTER INAUGURATING THE NEW WING OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE.

On March 30, the King, accompanied by the Queen, opened the new wing of the National Portrait Gallery, the building of which was made possible by the generosity of Lord Duveen. Their Majesties, who drove to the Gallery in semi-state, were able to use an open carriage in the beautiful spring weather that prevailed. Details of the new extension, necessitated by the number of portraits recently received by the Gallery, were in our last issue.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES ON SOCIAL SERVICE IN SCOTLAND: A NEW S.O.S. CALL.



AT THE GLENAVON SOCIAL CLUB, GLASGOW, ENTIRELY BUILT BY THE MEMBERS THEMSELVES: THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING AFTER HIS VISIT OF INSPECTION.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE EX-SERVICE MEN'S CLUB AT BELLSHILL, WHERE HIS CAR WAS SURROUNDED BY A CHEERING CROWD OF WOMEN.



AT MOTHERWELL: THE PRINCE TALKING TO MRS. CLAMP, SEEN WEARING THE V.C. AND OTHER MEDALS OF HER SON, CORPORAL WILLIAM CLAMP, KILLED IN THE WAR.



AT THE KILLERMONT ALLOTMENTS, TOWARDS KILPATRICK: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE SECRETARY OF THE ALLOTMENT SCHEME (ON THE RIGHT) AND SOME OF THE HOLDERS.



AT THE FIRST INSTITUTION VISITED IN GLASGOW DURING THE TOUR: THE PRINCE PASSING THROUGH A CHEERING CROWD ON ARRIVAL AT THE ST. ROLLOX MUTUAL SERVICE CLUB.



CROSSING THE TAY FROM NEWPORT (FIFE) TO DUNDEE: THE PRINCE ABOARD THE FERRY-BOAT WITH THE EARL OF ELGIN (ON HIS LEFT), AND LORD PROVOST BUIST, OF DUNDEE (ON HIS RIGHT).

The Prince of Wales arrived in Glasgow on March 29 for his three days' tour of social service work in Scottish industrial centres, of the type described and illustrated in our last issue. As his car left the station he was loudly cheered by a large crowd, and a woman's voice was heard shouting: "Yer a great fella, Prince. God bless ye!" His first visit was to the St. Rollox Mutual Service Club, where he saw everything in normal activity. At the Glenavon Social Club, entirely built by the members, he saw exhibitions of boxing. Altogether he visited ten clubs on the first day. On the 30th he went to various places in Lanarkshire, including Motherwell, Bellshill, Coatbridge, and Airdrie. At Motherwell Junior Instruction Centre for unemployed boys, Mrs. Clamp, of Flemington, was wearing the V.C. and other medals won by her son, William, a corporal in the Yorkshire Regiment, killed in action, and the Prince expressed his sympathy. At Bellshill an enthusiastic crowd broke the police cordon and for some few

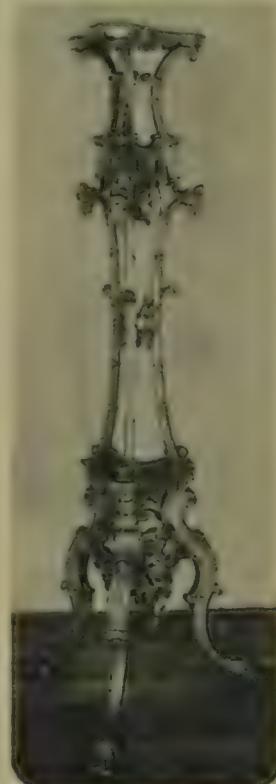


AWAITING THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL IN GLASGOW: A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE CROWD AMID WHICH A WOMAN'S VOICE WAS HEARD CALLING: "YER A GREAT FELLA, PRINCE. GOD BLESS YE!"

minutes the Prince's car was isolated among cheering women. There he inspected Harkness House, a centre consisting of two old cottages reconditioned by the members. On the third day he visited Kirkcaldy and Cupar, and from Newport (Fife) crossed the Tay to Dundee in the ferry-boat, with the Earl of Elgin and Lord Provost Buiст, of Dundee. At the end of his tour the Prince broadcast from Dundee an appeal for yet bigger efforts in social service for the unemployed, while acknowledging the splendid response to his Albert Hall speech of last year.



THE serried ranks of an array of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century lampstands inevitably bring words on parade in the staccato manner of the Quartermaster's Stores, for the things are straight and tall, and stand, as it were, eternally at attention. Of the many I have inspected in the last day or two, those illustrated show pretty well the change in style during about a hundred years, and it occurs to me that, of all the odds and ends of a great house that would be likely to find their way to stables and garrets in the course of time, lampstands would be the first, so fickle is fashion and so imperious the mode of the moment. One might think twice about the banishment of a whole set of chairs or of a large cabinet, but the removal of a pair of torchères would be a small matter, so that even to-day such things may still exist, covered in the dust of a couple of centuries and completely forgotten. This may be particularly the case with such an example as Fig. 4, for it is extraordinary how a coat or two of dirty varnish and a generation of neglect can conceal the merit of a piece of furniture no less than of a picture. It is not possible to reproduce the peculiar and characteristic tone of old silver gesso in a monochrome illustration, but if anyone



1. A FANTASTIC VERSION OF CHIPPENDALE'S IDEAS EXEMPLIFIED IN A LAMPSTAND: ONE OF A PAIR IN CARVED AND GILT WOOD, DATING FROM ABOUT 1700. — [Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.]



2. A COMPOSITION OF WELL-BALANCED CURVES, CARRIED OUT IN MAHOGANY: ONE OF A PAIR OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LAMPSTANDS DATING FROM ABOUT 1740. Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.

who reads this page happens to possess a pair of lampstands which look something like this, but yellow and dirty, it might be well worth his while to obtain expert advice, in case there should be this rare and beautiful material beneath. Indeed, all paint and varnish is worth investigation—I am reminded of certain beautifully proportioned Adam lampstands in the shape of a solid inverted quadrangular column—a direct reminiscence of the base of a classical terminal figure of Hermes—which were painted a funeral black. This was possibly part of the original scheme of interior decoration, but by no means in keeping with the present owner's ideas: the

paint came off quite easily, and revealed a lovely pinewood foundation which exactly suited the pine panelling of his house.

To return to Fig. 4—which is, of course, like the others on this page, one of a pair—no doubt a good many people will recognise this as having appeared in one of Sir Philip Sassoon's beautiful exhibitions. Date, I presume, about 1680, possibly a little later, for the carving and decoration and general proportions are rather less florid and exuberant than one usually associates with the reign of Charles II. It is remarkable both for its fine colour and crisp carving, and for its ten-sided top (Fig. 4, above), which is of silver lacquer. Apparently, these lamp- or candle-stands became the fashion in France at the Court of Louis XIV., and then spread across the Channel, like many another pretty notion. They were always made in pairs, and were generally arranged one on either side of a cabinet. Presumably, this pair were made to stand against a lacquer cabinet which rested upon the usual silver gesso base of the period. Doubtless they were used for flowers during the summer.

With the eighteenth century, the three feet remain, but in the more elaborate examples the single column is broken up and, in one or two cases, the wood-carver is evidently told to be as ingenious as he jolly well pleases (Fig. 1, for example). More sober, and,

in a way, rather outside the scope of this article, is Fig. 3, which is about thirty inches in height only, and must have been made for the newel-post of a staircase: typical claw feet and acanthus leaf of the 1730's, and a very ingenious adaptation of current furniture fashions to an unusual purpose. Indeed, looking at these lampstands, one begins to wonder whether the problem of devising a comely and graceful shape for them was not as much an architectural as a cabinet-maker's problem.

Fig. 2 is a mahogany example which exhibits a very graceful combination of curves: if the base is a trifle clumsy, this is more than atoned for by the easy rhythms of the upper part—to my mind, a much finer work of art than the fantastic, gilded, imposing, and extraordinary lampstand of Fig. 1, which is, none the less, a remarkable instance of technical ability on the part of some workman who was surely told to go ahead on a Chippendale design and spare neither time nor trouble nor expense.

With the last (Fig. 5), the architect—and a very learned one—has issued his instructions, and the cabinet-maker does as he is told. Not for nothing

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. LAMPSTANDS—PIECES FOR THE CONNOISSEUR.

By FRANK DAVIS.



4. ONE OF A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LAMPSTANDS, IN SILVER GESSO; AND (ABOVE) ITS TEN-SIDED TOP IN SILVER LACQUER. (C. 1680; HEIGHT ABOUT 4 FT.)

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. L. Robinson.



3. AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LAMPSTAND; SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO BE SCREWED TO THE NEWEL-POST OF A STAIRCASE. (C. 1730; HEIGHT ABOUT 30 IN.)

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. L. Robinson.

development of lampstand design. I, for my part, shall continue to hold stoutly to the theory that all later lampstands are descended from that one made by prehistoric man when he first plunged a pole into the ground and stuck a torch on top of it: so simple an idea really does not require anything but a common-sense explanation.

5. "AN INGENIOUS AND BRILLIANT TRANSLATION OF THE PAST INTO THE ELEGANT IDIOM OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY": ONE OF A PAIR OF ADAM TORCHÈRES, DATING FROM ABOUT 1770.

has Pompeii been explored and the results published. Here is the very stuff and essence of Graeco-Roman antiquity, a trifle mannered, perhaps, and flimsier than its prototypes, but none the less an ingenious and brilliant translation of the past into the elegant idiom of the late eighteenth century. Design, of course, by Robert Adam, with medallions, rams' heads, rams' feet, and intertwined snake—all typical of the style. That reminds me of a query put to me some time ago: could a certain piece of furniture—a fine pedestal for an urn—have been made for a doctor or some medical association? Upon it

was carved a snake, and the snake is the emblem of Aesculapius. The answer must be in the negative—the snake ornament was so common in antiquity that the Adam brothers and their school simply took it over and applied it to all sorts of things.

Authorities of the greatest learning and eminence trace back these lampstands—and indeed all small circular tables on three legs—to the French seventeenth-century fashion of using a model of a little nigger boy holding a tray as a stand for lamp or candles, and, as far as I follow them, suggest that the boy was in due course replaced by a column. Surely it is more reasonable to look upon the nigger boy as a passing whim of fashion, and of little or no importance in the

"... a very sound investment in these difficult times"

writes a lawn owner whose Atco Motor Mower is going well after many years' service. "It used to take our gardener at least a whole day's hard graft to cut the lawns," she adds—"Now they are done much better in 2½ hours with the Atco. Undoubtedly the Atco . . . saves time and money, while the running costs are practically negligible."

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This letter from Mrs. A. Smith, of Castle Crescent, Reading, can be seen at our Head Office—one of hundreds of unsolicited testimonials received.

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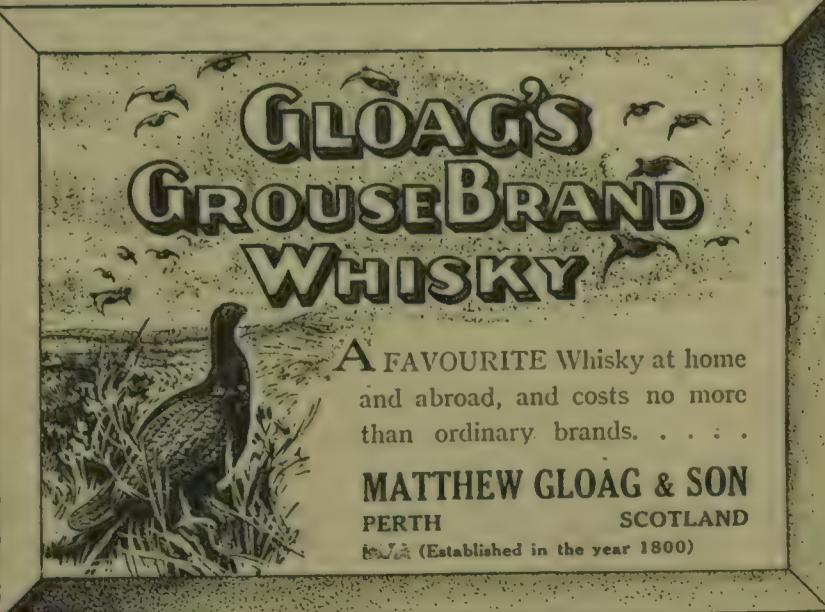
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOUNTAIN handicap motor-races will be a leading feature of the Easter Monday Bank Holiday meeting of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, so that these very exciting events around the shorter course of the Straight and Members' Hill should attract a large attendance of the public to see the long programme carried out. As these races are primarily designed to encourage the amateur driver to improve his skill, by competing in a road race run on a closed track, providing due safety for the spectators and contestants, the entry fee for these handicaps is reduced to three guineas in place of the five guineas charged for entering in the ordinary speed races at Brooklands. Major the Hon. Oliver Stanley, the new Minister of Transport, publicly expressed the hope that more skilful and considerate driving would help to lessen the annual large number of fatal accidents when he spoke recently at the fifth anniversary luncheon of the Order of the Road, with Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., in the chair. I do not know of a better way to improve a driver than to race in these Brooklands mountain handicaps, as gear-changing, braking, judgment of speed and distance all have to be exercised to the highest degree in the course of the race.

The Order of the Road, by the way, will only elect as members of its organisation motorists who promise and sign a form to be careful, considerate, and

courteous to all road users, so that by their example others will follow the maxims to produce safe driving; and many racing motorists belong to it, as its badge is much prized as a certificate that a skilled and considerate driver is at the wheel of the car on which it is carried. At the present time there are some 2250 members, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince George, and motorists in all walks of life, chauffeurs, motor-cyclists, private-car owners, and racing drivers. But if the annual subscription is small (ten shillings for private motorists, and five shillings for cyclists and professional drivers), the qualifications are high to enable an applicant to pass the scrutiny of the Committee. One must drive about 5000 miles per annum, have no accidents of one's own causing on the road, and be careful and courteous at all times. There are over 150 women members, and I expect that there will be many applications to join the Order of the Road now Easter is here, and new cars are being delivered to the public daily. Since its inception, the Committee have been firm in their decision to restrict its membership to the driver of proved ability and character. Motorists who feel they have the necessary qualifications for membership should write to the Hon. Sec. of the Order, at Donington House, Strand, London, W.C.2, for an application form.

**Motorists and Road Costs.** The annual luncheon at the Savoy Hotel of the Commercial Motor Users' Association was attended by all the important people interested in transport,

whether private cars, public service vehicles, or goods transporters. There neither the new Minister of Transport, Major the Hon. Oliver Stanley, nor the Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, gave much hope in their speeches on this occasion of a reduction in taxation for motorists in the near future. In the reply of the President, Alderman Frank H. Wort, J.P., to the toast of "The Association," proposed by Mr. Hacking, the speaker stated that the C.M.U.A. agreed with the views expressed by the Salter Conference that commercial road transport should not pay less than its fair share of the cost of the roads, and this Association accepts provisionally the principle laid down by the Royal Commission on Transport that road motor-vehicles should contribute two-thirds of the cost of the roads. But it could not accept the conclusions reached by the Conference that a fair estimate of the total annual cost of road construction and maintenance in the future is £60,000,000. This estimate is based upon the average expenditure of the past five years, after adjustment to exclude abnormal expenditure on unemployment relief works. Much of this high cost also includes a great deal of new construction of arterial roads that is unlikely to be continued on the same scale. Economy had already reduced the amount by over £34,000,000, spread over several years, as shown in the Road Fund Report of 1931-32, so that this must reduce the total expenditure on average substantially below the £60,000,000 per annum. In the current year the taxation of road vehicles is estimated by the Treasury at £62,110,000, made up by £27,910,000 in licences of the vehicles, and £34,200,000 from the petrol tax, a sum which far exceeds the anticipated cost of the roads. Therefore motorists asked for a reduction of the motor taxes.

**"DE VALERA"**

(Continued from Page 489.)

adroitly he outmanœuvred the Cosgrave party by a programme of promises stated with the most plausible exactitude. His party is now firmly entrenched; what does it stand for? That it has a very definite policy Mr. Gwynn feels no doubt; it is, in his view, a great mistake to imagine that the de Valera Government is merely blundering along in an opportunist spirit.

The first objective is, of course, complete political independence, which is wrongly assumed to arise solely from anti-English feeling. It is, in fact, largely dispassionate, and de Valera's outlook is greatly influenced by his close connection with the United States. "To stultify the Treaty until it no longer has any effective reality has been de Valera's chief political business in a year of extraordinary activity. He has gone far already towards abolishing every semblance of active co-operation with the British Commonwealth." The economic policy is equally revolutionary. It is, in brief, to make Ireland an entirely self-contained, self-supporting country, "to reverse the trend of modern developments, and to work back towards a social system based on peasant proprietorship, and small market towns." High tariffs are the immediate means to this end, and Mr. Gwynn maintains that England's fiscal reprisals for the retention of the land annuities, far from hampering de Valera's plans, have brought them a stage nearer to their ultimate, if problematical, goal.

Mr. Gwynn leaves us to speculate about two interesting, and perhaps momentous, problems of de Valera's political future. He has given free scope to the Irish Republican Army, which is now a very powerful organisation: will he be able to keep it in control, or will it and its allied secret societies again plunge Ireland into civil war? And what is the connection between the I.R.A. and Communism? "A Communist State, recommended under the guise of Christian Communism, is the latest development of de Valera's revolutionary programme. No one can say yet whether the insistence on its Christian character is mere camouflage to mislead an intensely Catholic people; whether de Valera himself believes that he can Christianise the Communist forces which have assisted him; whether he is a dupe who believes that he can control the forces of anarchy he has let loose, or a born master of men who may yet either dominate the secret societies or reveal himself as being the agent of their full programme."

C. K. A.



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RAM. Worked by falls of water as  
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imparts a brilliant finish to all  
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## AN EASTER APPEAL.

THE country is experiencing just now a definite wave of optimism and renewed prosperity that, we hope, will increase as the year goes on. Everyone has suffered from the financial depression; none more than the hospitals and charities that depend so largely on voluntary individual support. Although the amount of donations has been sadly reduced during the last two years, the work of these institutions has, if anything, increased. Let us therefore, this Easter, as a mark of thankfulness for seeing Great Britain once more on the way to prosperity, send a donation, however small, to help in the national work of easing the suffering of the sick and of making useful and happy citizens out of thousands of destitute children. The following facts give some idea of the problems that are being faced, day by day, year by year.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have received 113,000 children, of which over 30,500 have become useful citizens of the Empire overseas. The society's many branches work ceaselessly in the task of training these destitute children to follow various trades and callings by which they can eventually earn their living. The expenses are overwhelming. Some faint idea can be gained when we are told that 24,000 meals have to be provided every day. And, as five children on an average are added to this great family every day, there is no slackening possible. The small sum of ten shillings will feed a child for ten days, and £100 will rescue three children and maintain them for a year. For £500 a bed will be endowed for a healthy

child. A brass plate will be affixed and particulars of the occupant sent to the donor. A cheque sent to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 10, Stepney Causeway, E.1, will bring immense happiness into some small life.

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training-Ship perform the valuable work of giving a home and education to 1100 boys and girls. The boys are trained as efficient sailors, and at the Homes are taught various trades; while the girls learn proficiency in household duties, and situations are found for them. As our readers are aware, from photographs that have appeared from time to time in our pages, the old *Arethusa* training-ship has been condemned by the Admiralty as being worn out and unfit for further service. She has done a noble work, as no less than 10,000 boys have been trained and sent to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service. A new *Arethusa* training-ship has been secured; but £20,000 is still urgently needed for the cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, and so forth. Easter gifts in any shape or form that will help with this most important work will be greatly welcomed, and should be addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Another institution whose work is, unfortunately, a vital necessity, even in these civilised days, is the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. On an average, four little children every five minutes are being helped to happier lives. While often this cruelty is wilful, much misery is caused to defenceless childhood by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst poverty and ignorance are other contributory causes. Full details of the work done by the Society's 260 "Children's Men" throughout England, Wales, and Ireland may be obtained

from William J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

To turn now to adults who are particularly deserving of pity and help at Eastertide, our readers will agree that the worst enemy to health, attacking unexpectedly people in every sphere of life, is cancer; and the most brilliant medical brains are continually battling with this dread disease. A new radiological department has been added to the Cancer Hospital (Free) in Fulham Road. This new wing has also accommodation for patients who can contribute a certain amount towards their expenses, an entirely new provision for which the need has been felt for many years. The hospital has a splendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work, but in the vitally important service of cancer research, in which such surprising discoveries are continually being made. The hospital has extensive (and expensive) plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest; and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made for £70,000 to pay off the outstanding cost of the new wing—no cause is more deserving.



THE TRAINING-SHIP WHICH IS REPLACING THE OLD "ARETHUSA" AT GREENHITHE: THE FORMER "PEKING," AS SHE APPEARED ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The sailing-ship "Peking," which replaces the "Arethusa" training-ship at Greenhithe, arrived in the Thames towards the end of last year. She was bought from German owners. She is a four-masted barque of 3191 gross tonnage.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR AGAINST CANCER: A CORNER OF ONE OF THE LABORATORIES IN THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE AT THE CANCER HOSPITAL.

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AN EASTER GIFT  
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113,300 children already admitted.

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MAKE THE FINEST SAILORS IN THE WORLD

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A NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

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21st ANNIVERSARY.

The FESTIVAL DINNER will be held at Guildhall, London (by courtesy of the Lord Mayor and Corporation), on May 5th.

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT  
will propose the Toast of the Society.

SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD, K.B.E., presiding.

Tickets 30/- each (inclusive of wines), on application to the Hon. Secretary, 13, Serjeant's Inn, London, E.C.4.

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—the sunshine of human happiness for thousands of unhappy little ones, victims of brutality, poverty, ignorance and neglect—such is the never-ceasing work of

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In 12 months, its 260 "Children's Men" working throughout England, Wales and Ireland have **brought happiness to 106,046** ill-treated and distressed little ones.

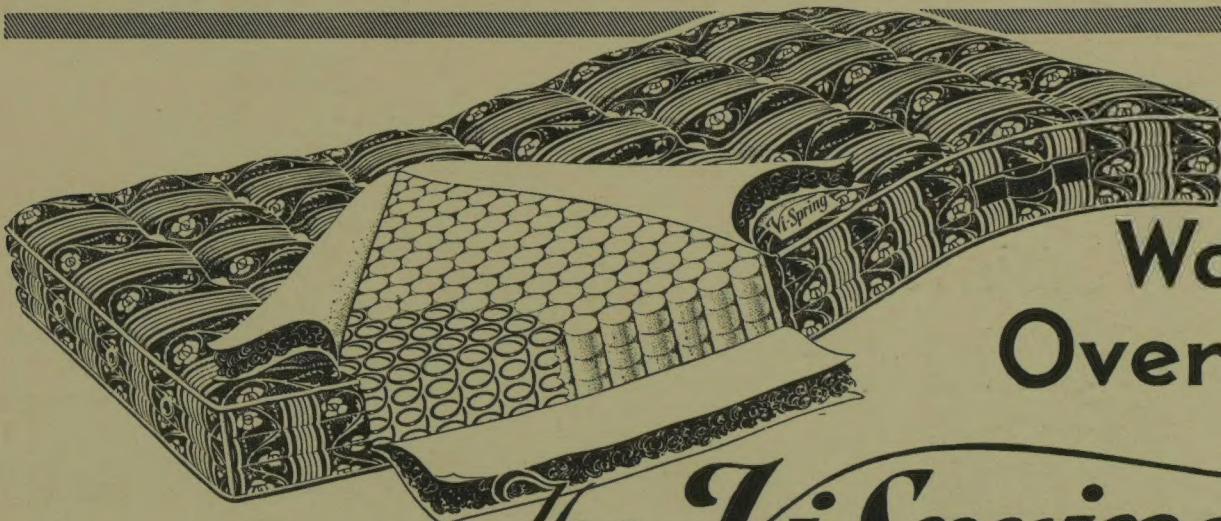
*WILL YOU HELP to ensure endurable lives for all suffering children? Your Easter gift will be gratefully received by Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.*

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